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COURT OF A NEGRO KING.

MISSIONARY TALES

FOR

LITTLE LISTENERS.

BY

M. A. S. BARBER.

REVISED AND ENLARGED BY THE EDITOR.

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MISSIONARY TALES.



THE NEGRO VILLAGE.

AFRICA is a beautiful country ; stately trees a hundred feet in height, the pullom, the tamarind, the locust, the delicately tinted cashew, and that renowned tree, which all my little readers must have heard of, the lofty palm, overshadow the land ; the ground is strewn with flowers, of colours far more brilliant than any which peep forth in the cool fields, and amongst the fresh grass of our native country ; blue, scarlet, purple, they hang like silken streamers from the lofty branches of the trees, or spread like a rich and variegated carpet over the ground ; plants, such as we keep with the greatest care in hot-houses, spring up wherever they can find space : green and blue lizards, and golden with brown spots, glitter on the stones, and the air resounds with the song of the palm bird, and widow bird, and the humming of innumerable insects floating by

in the sunshine, while monkeys and parrots chatter among the trees.

The inhabitants, however, of this fine country, are, for the most part, idolatrous, ignorant, and cruel; taught by the evil and wicked example of white men, in former times and even now they steal and sell each other for slaves.

In their savage state the Africans may be said to worship the devil: they have an idea that he "lives in the bush," as they call their vast forests; they know nothing of God, their kind and merciful Creator, or of his love and care, over his ungrateful creatures; but they pay all sorts of respect to their Fetishes, for so the things they worship, are called, under the fear that if they do not, they will receive harm from them. An English traveller, who was making a voyage down the Niger, saw one of the negroes, when they came to a particular place in the river, rise up in the boat, and utter occasionally a loud cry; whenever an echo was returned, half a glass of rum, and a piece of yam and fish were thrown into the water; the Englishman, who had often suffered for want of provisions, was not very well pleased at seeing the food thrown into the water in this manner, so he asked the negro what he meant by it. "Did you not hear the Fetish," replied he; "if we do not feed him, and do good for him, he will kill us, or make us poor and sick." So the poor creature mistook the echo of his own call for the voice of the Fetish. In some

places they worship the tiger; in others, the snake, the alligator, the lizard, and the hyæna; *sataka*, or offerings to the devil, are everywhere to be seen: once a missionary saw a party of negroes offering a sacrifice to three cannon balls and two decanter stoppers! Many other practices of their folly and superstition I could recount to you; they are also sometimes very cruel; in one of the States, it is the custom for the king to water the graves of his ancestors with the blood of people killed on purpose; and their huts and walls are ornamented with skulls and human bones. But we must not suppose, that these people are worse than others; our ancestors once did things almost as wicked and cruel, and we should have done the same, had it not pleased God to teach us better; we should, therefore, pity the heathen, and not despise them.

Near Sierra Leone, (a British settlement on the western coast of Africa,) situated among the mountains which surround it, stands a pretty village called Gloucester Town; here huts, gardens, and cultivated lands, bespeak a happy and industrious set of people. A little while ago, they were worshippers of Fetishes, as ignorant and foolish as any of their countrymen. But having been carried off as slaves, they were brought here by the English ships which rescued them. When they first arrive, they are generally in a miserable state, but they acquire by degrees better habits: First, they

learn to dress themselves, in a neat and proper manner : in their savage state the negroes are very fond of finery : a European traveller, who was journeying through the interior of Africa, says, that in order to get food, he sold the labels of his jars, and a few days after, he saw some of the natives strutting about, with the little pieces of tin, on which was written, "Concentrated Gravy," "Essence of Anchovies," &c., stuck on their heads, and which they doubtless fancied to be most splendid and becoming ornaments : a string of blue glass beads, such as you dress your doll in, is considered a rich present ; and when the English travellers have no more of these left, they often cut the bright brass buttons off their coats, in order to purchase the favour of the negro kings, or get provisions when their own are exhausted. Do you think this is very foolish ? it seems so indeed to us ; but I am afraid we should appear equally ridiculous in the eyes of wiser and better judging people, when we decorate ourselves with all sorts of foolish finery, ornaments, and trinkets. What is the real difference between a blue glass bead, and one of any other colour ? many of our vain and useless decorations, make us appear quite as silly, as the savage, when he was displaying his taste, in "Concentrated Gravy," and "Essence of Anchovies." But though the negroes are so fond of finery, they have seldom an idea of dressing themselves with propriety ; among their friends, at Sierra Leone,

however, they soon learn to do so; and to build houses, cultivate the ground, and practise useful trades; so that in the process of time, instead of wild and ferocious heathens, they become, as I have before told you, the industrious and happy inhabitants of a pleasant village, among the mountains of their own country. Many villages, such as this, stand round Sierra Leone, which is itself a large town, and full also of black people.

Although Africa is a beautiful country, and a very pleasant place for the natives, it is extremely unhealthy for Europeans, so much so, that Sierra Leone has been called the "White Man's Grave," because nearly all the white men who go there, die; the mists, which arise from the swamps, occasion fevers, especially the black fever, a very dreadful disease; there are, however, always missionaries to be found willing to go there. An American missionary, Mr. Cox, before he sailed for Liberia, (an American colony south of Sierra Leone, composed of free blacks from the United States,) said to a friend of his: "If I die in Africa, you must come after me, and write my epitaph." "I will," said his friend, "but what shall I write?" he answered, "Let a thousand missionaries die, before Africa be given up." Love to Christ, a desire to spread the knowledge of His gospel, and faith in His promises, supported them through their heavy trials; and though a very great number of missionaries have died, and among them the

excellent man just named, thousands of negroes have reason to bless God, that there were found teachers thus willing to give up their lives; Christian churches, Christian villages, and Christian families, are scattered about the mountains, and the negro inhabitants of many a sweet place, besides Gloucester Town, have reason to bless the love and self-devotion of English and American missionaries. In addition to the unhealthiness of the climate, there were other reasons why so many of the missionaries died; they lived about with the negroes, in their villages, being deprived of the comforts and luxuries, which the other European inhabitants of the colony enjoy. Very often they had no house, until they built one for themselves, and then perhaps it was not fit to live in.

Mr. During was the first who settled at Gloucester Town: can my little readers, imagine an European missionary, with a number of negroes in a forest, among the mountains, under the burning sky of Africa! They had not even a hut to shelter them, until they built it. As the negroes were industrious, and worked hard, they soon cleared sufficient space for their own huts, and they next proceeded, under Mr. During's direction, to erect a house for a school, and another for him to live in. I suppose they were built of mud, and thatched with leaves according to the custom of the natives. When these were completed, Mr. During seems to have been much satisfied. The new village

was named Gloucester Town, and, for a while, all went on pleasantly. At a certain season of the year, Africa is subject to heavy rains; when the sky seems to pour forth torrents of water, which comes with force to the ground, or is driven violently, by the whirlwind, against everything which opposes it. Now, Mr. During had not calculated upon this, and his poor house could not withstand the fury of the storms; down came the rain in showers, through the roof—there was no escaping it—with great difficulty they contrived to keep their bed dry, by building another roof over it; but they do not seem to have been able to do the same for the rest of the house. So the rain continued to pour in, and they, to eat their meals, sit, and walk about under an umbrella! This was very uncomfortable, as you may suppose, but it was worse than that, for it was extremely dangerous for their health. Mr. During and his wife, lived, however, through the rainy season; and it pleased God to bless, for a long time, his labours among the heathen. Many an interesting account he gives of his little village, his church, his school, and his black friends. Rice grounds, corn, and cascada fields, began to display themselves to the sun, where formerly the rank and useless brushwood alone had grown. The thick trees, which had choked the circulation of the air, were cut down, and the delicious sea-breeze, from the Atlantic, refreshed their dwellings.

Early in the morning, the inhabitants might be seen going to Sierra Leone, to sell their wood and other articles, and then returning to breakfast, and to finish the labours of the day in their corn and cassada fields. "How," said the captain of a ship, which visited Africa, to an English gentleman there, "how has this place become so flourishing, and these people so civilized?" "It is through the instructions of the missionaries," said the gentleman. The captain could hardly believe that only a few years before, a vast forest had covered that place, though the gentleman showed him some of the old trees, which had not been carried away, still lying along the ground. But what kind of people were these negroes, when they were first placed under the care of the missionary? I have given you some instances of their folly and superstition in their original state. Most of the negroes at Sierra Leone, were rescued from ships which were carrying them away to be slaves. You cannot imagine what a dreadful thing a slave-ship is, or what a wretched, miserable condition the poor creatures are in, when they are taken out of it. The horrors which sometimes are there practised upon the poor negroes, are too terrible to relate. As soon as they arrive at Sierra Leone, they are divided into several companies and distributed among the different villages; and each missionary is sent for to receive his share. Such were the people who afterwards composed the population of Gloucester Town.

About four years after its first settlement, another slave-ship was brought to Sierra Leone, and Mr. During had directions sent him, to come and receive a party of negroes out of it. He went accordingly; some little delay prevented his receiving them until past four o'clock. Gloucester Town was some distance from Sierra Leone, and it was on a very steep hill, so that when Mr. During had got all these poor people out of the town, he began to think it would be no easy matter, to take them to his village. Faint and ill, and, in some cases almost reduced to skeletons, they were incapable of the least exertion; what could he do? he must take them home. If he had known they were so ill, he would have brought some of his people to assist them; but he did not, and in this dreary solitude, there was none to help. Slowly and wearily, therefore, they began to ascend the hill. Fortunately, however, the negroes at Gloucester Town, had heard of the miserable state these newly arrived people were in, and before they had got far from the foot of the hill, they were met by numbers of people, who, as they came near, took up on their backs those who were unable to walk, so that before Mr. During was half-way up the hill, he saw almost the whole number, thus carried by those who had come down for the purpose. Mr. During, as he walked along, reflected with joy on the sympathy thus shown: he remembered that in former cases of the same kind, they had displayed very

little pity to the sufferers, unless they happened to see some friends of their own, amongst them; but they had now been taught the commandment of Christ, that we should be willing to assist every one, whether they are our friends or not, and it rejoiced the heart of the missionary to see them thus practising what they had been taught. As soon as they arrived at home, Mr. During ordered food to be prepared for the new comers, but provisions came in from all quarters, and the inhabitants gladly received them into their houses.

Among the rest, a Christian negro woman had taken another woman under her care: she showed such a very great desire to have her, that Mrs. During asked her, "what she wanted to do with the woman." She replied, "Ma'am, it is now almost two years since I came to this country: my country-woman then took me, and did me good, and told me of the Lord Jesus Christ; and that same thing she did to me at that time, I want to do to this woman now."

For a long time, the new comers were very ill; but they were nursed and attended to, by the Christian negroes, with the greatest tenderness and care: nor did they only attend to their bodily wants, for such of them as were well enough they took with them to church to be instructed, and as they had no clothes, they lent them some of theirs.

But you must not suppose that the negroes always listened to Mr. During's instructions, or that he did not meet with many trials, and

find need of much patience in teaching them. One negro, he particularly mentions as having been very troublesome to him; not only in leading a wicked life himself, but seducing others into sin by his evil example. One day when Mr. During was talking very seriously to him, pointing out to him his wickedness, and the consequences of it to him in eternity, he boldly declared that of all Mr. During had said, he did not believe one word: "I know," continued he, "that one day I must die, but then I go back to my own country." Upon which Mr. During asked him, if he had ever *seen* any one returning to his country, who had died in another. To this, of course, he was obliged to answer, "No." This negro afterwards became a Christian: and it pleased God in general to give much success to Mr. During's teaching.

I have told you before, how prosperous and flourishing the little village among the mountains became; those who have learned to love God, endeavour to do their duty towards men: but the former was the best part of Mr. During's instructions. In the church, in the school, both he and Mrs. During laboured earnestly to teach the people about Christ, and they were repaid with the grateful love of those, who felt what a rich blessing had been, by their means, bestowed upon them. Mr. During gives a very interesting account of the affection which they showed towards him, during an illness which he had, when they crowded round his house, and

could scarcely be kept out of his room, while the few who were admitted, prayed for him, and recalling his own words when addressed to them, tried to comfort him.

Once after he had been absent from them for some time, they received both himself and Mrs. During with transports of joy; one of them coming to welcome his arrival, said, "Massa, Gloucester Town all cry for you very much: yes, Massa, we want you there very much; we *hungry* to see you there again!"

And where is this beloved minister now? He is gone to his rest in the Lord. And is his grave by the side of his own little church among the mountains, where the grateful negro may point it out to his children, as the grave of the beloved missionary who taught him about Christ, and who is now "absent from the body, present with the Lord!" No he lies in another tomb; the ship in which he was going to visit England for a short time, sailed from Africa, and was seen no more: nor was it ever again heard of, and the poor negroes were "hungry" in vain for the return of their minister.

It is most probable, that the vessel was wrecked in a storm, and that all on board perished. No doubt, through the horrors of the tempest the heart of the missionary was fixed upon Jesus: and perhaps he thought of the time, when amidst the roaring of the waves, He said to his disciples, "It is I, be not afraid." To those who love the Lord,

“to depart and be with Christ is *far better*.” The time will come when the “sea shall give up the dead which are in it.” Then may the missionary meet once more those faithful converts, for whom he laboured, and for whom he prayed; then shall he understand more perfectly than he can understand on earth, “that he which converteth a sinner, from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins.”

EGEDE.

It is written in the Bible, "We walk by faith, not by sight;" and this text may be well explained by an account of the instructive and interesting labours of Egede, the Danish missionary in Greenland.

In the early days of English history, when Edward III. was king, there lived on the shores of Greenland, a colony of Danes; what induced them to leave Denmark, their own country, and go to that cold and desolate region, is not known at this distance of time; they built houses, and churches, and even had a bishop. But Greenland is a very cold country, the ground is covered with ice and snow, so that the fruits, vegetables, and grain, upon which we live, will not grow there, and on that account ships used to come every year from Denmark, although it was such a great way off, to bring them food. This went on for some time, until one dreadful year, a pestilence, which had been gradually spreading all over Europe, reached Denmark; it was a fearful plague called the

Black Death, and such a number of Danish sailors died of it, that there was not one left, who knew how to sail to West Greenland. What became of the people there, whether they died of hunger or not, no one ever discovered. Many hundred years afterwards, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, some English sailors were sent under the command of a great navigator, to endeavour to reach the place, but when they arrived, they were unable even to get near the land; immense plains of ice, with vast chasms, or openings in it, stretched all along the coast, and prevented the ships from approaching; from their decks, the sailors saw, or fancied they saw, ruins of the buildings which had once belonged to the poor Danes. Hundreds of years again passed away, and Greenland, and the Christians who had lived there, were once more forgotten; until in the year 1732, a minister of the name of Egede, at Vogen, in Norway, read the story which I have just been relating to you of the colony and its inhabitants; he felt sympathy and pity for their fate, and longed to know more concerning them. In those days, you must remember, the art of navigation was much better understood, than at the time of the Black Death, and there were plenty of sailors, who not only knew the way to Greenland, but had often been there to catch whales. But though ships went there every year for that purpose, no Christians lived there now, nor did any trace of them remain, except the ruins of

their churches, scattered about the desolate, and now heathen country. The account that he heard of the misery and the wickedness of the inhabitants affected Egede greatly, for thought he to himself, "Perhaps these wretched people are the descendants of my Christian countrymen!" Those whom we truly pity, we shall wish to assist; and accordingly Egede, soon felt an anxious desire to benefit and instruct the Greenlanders. But what could he do? there were no missionaries in those days, and no missionary societies; he was a poor minister, with a wife and family to take care of, and had no money either to pay for his passage to Greenland, or to find himself and his children food when he got there. He soon, however, thought of an expedient; he drew up a petition, that an attempt should be made to instruct the Greenlanders, and gave as a reason the commandment of Christ, that the gospel should be preached among the heathen; this petition he sent to some Norwegian bishops, who approved very much of the plan, and promised to ask the consent of the king: the country, however, was then at war, and they desired him to wait for a favourable opportunity; this favourable opportunity never came, and year after year, Egede waited in vain; when his hopes were exhausted, he resigned his charge at Vogen, and taking leave with much regret of his beloved people there, he set out for Copenhagen, to see the king himself. When he

arrived there, people laughed at him, and treated his project of preaching the gospel to the heathen as madness, and asked him if he wanted to be made a bishop in Greenland. Egede bore it all patiently, and persevering in his purpose, obtained an audience with the king. His majesty received him very kindly, and promised him his support, and, in great joy at his unexpected success, he returned home, to prepare for his voyage. The promise, however, was not fulfilled: no money, no assistance came, and another long year passed away in vain. At length in the spring, the king sent him £40, and promised to allow him £60 a year for his support in Greenland. Thus, after ten years of incessant anxiety and fatigue, for Egede tried many more expedients than I have had time to detail to you, he saw himself possessed of the object he had so long, and so ardently desired. And what was his object? the means of leaving his native country and all the comforts of civilized life, to live among savages, exposed to all the hardships and miseries of an intensely cold climate, in the remote regions of the frozen North.

But the heart of Egede was filled with an intense desire for their salvation, and he counted his own interests and happiness as nothing. After a stormy passage over tempestuous seas, covered often with a thick fog, they reached in safety the place which was to be their future home. Before telling

you what happened to them there, I will give you some description of the country.

If you look for it in the map, you will find it very near the North Pole; it is surrounded with immense fields of ice, and covered nearly all the year with deep snow. In summer there is no night, for the sun never sets; in the depths of winter there is no day, for it never rises: the frost may be called perpetual, and the snow falls at intervals all the year, except during June and July; the country is surrounded on every side by mountains of ice, which sometimes break, and falling with a thundering noise into the sea, overwhelm all who may happen to be within their reach. No trees, no plants, no flowers, grow there, but the inhabitants do not depend upon vessels bringing them food from Europe, as the colonists did in the early time; they live almost entirely upon the fish which they catch in the ocean: still, this supply is so uncertain, that they often experience the horrors of famine.

Such was the place to which the good Egede so earnestly desired to be sent, and which he now reached before the commencement of the long dark winter. Some other Europeans had accompanied him, not as missionaries, but with the intention of trading with the natives. The first thing they did was to build a house, and provide against the approach of the cold weather; this proved more severe than they expected: "the

ice, and hoar frost," said one of the missionaries, who lived there some time afterwards, "reaches down the chimney to the mouth of the stove, without being thawed by the fire in the day time. Over the chimney is an arch of frost, with little holes, through which the smoke discharges itself. The door and walls are as if they were plastered over with frost, and, what is scarcely credible, our beds are often frozen to the bedstead. At night, our breath freezes upon the pillows." Egede, however, was very happy in this new dwelling, and longed to commence that great work for which he had come,—the instruction of the Greenlanders. There are a great many sorrows in this world, and every one has a portion of them; but, notwithstanding this, our happiness depends more upon ourselves, our own conduct and disposition, than upon the circumstances in which we are placed. Yes, it is very true, the greater part of your unhappiness is made by yourself. Things become pleasant or disagreeable to us, according to the manner in which we receive them, and the little events which happen to us during the day, are often agreeable or otherwise, according to the temper which they find us in. Suppose you could be offered your choice for to-morrow—whether you would go out on a party of pleasure, or be in a perfectly good humour all day. Very likely you would choose the former, but you would be wrong, for the latter would make you much the more happy. And what is it

which can make us cheerful, good-humoured, contented at all times? Nothing, but being sincere Christians—nothing but the grace of God; this will make us happy at all times, and in all places. It has made people happy in prisons, in pain, in death. “My heart,” says the Psalmist, “shall *sing* in thy ways,” which means the joyfulness of heart which is the portion of God’s obedient children. It was this which made Egede happy, upon the gloomy shores of Greenland: it is this which may make you happy, from hour to hour, from day to day, amidst the small events, and little trials of your life. Then there would be no more tears shed over duties unperformed, or the incurred displeasure of your friends; no more fretting over unavoidable disappointments, no more quarreling for your own way, no more frowns upon slight offences; in a word, none of those various troubles, which, both when we are children, and when we are grown up, we make, in order to torment ourselves. Whenever you feel unhappy, ask yourself what is the cause, and who is to blame!

Egede’s first object was, to learn the language: but this was not easily done; he had to write his own grammar, and make his own dictionary; and no way of setting about it, but pointing to things, and asking the natives the names of them, and then endeavouring to arrange the words he had thus obtained. In this manner you must necessarily imagine he passed a long time

before he was able to obtain a knowledge of the language of the Greenlanders; and being eager to communicate religious instruction to them, he showed them pictures of some of the events in the Bible, such as our Saviour healing the sick, and raising the dead, and also of the general resurrection. These, however, had an unfortunate effect; for, as he could only explain the subjects to them very imperfectly, they imagined that he himself possessed the same wonderful power; they, therefore, brought their sick to him, to be cured. Though he endeavoured to explain to them, that God alone could impart health, they persisted in attributing to him miraculous powers, and even entreated him, on one occasion, to bring the dead to life. He could not, therefore, hope to instruct them in the knowledge of the truth, until he was able to converse with them, without any difficulty.

A new trial now awaited him; they had not brought out any large store of provisions, as, knowing that the inhabitants subsisted upon fish, they expected to have been able to do the same. But the fishing that year had failed, and the people who accompanied him began to murmur at the scarcity of food, and to upbraid him with having brought them to that dismal place. Was this then, to be the end of all his hopes? Was the very same vessel which brought them out, to carry them all back again to their own country, with no other fruit of his anx-

ieties, than a long and miserable voyage? He begged, he prayed them to remain—to stay only a little longer, and see if it was the will of God to send them food. They listened to his entreaties, and agreed to stay the “little longer:” and, before it was expired, the welcome sail was seen at a distance on the sea, and a vessel from Norway arrived, bringing them the food and necessaries they required.

Years passed away, and Egede continued indefatigable at his labours. To gain the necessary knowledge of their tongue, he went to live, for a time, in the hut of a Greenlander, in the midst of the filth with which it abounded, and the vermin with which it swarmed. The savages, who live in the countries near the North Pole, are generally dirty, and disgusting in their habits; and the Greenlanders are, or rather at that time were, particularly so. He afterwards received a family into his own house, for the same purpose. As soon as he had thus learnt to speak the language, he began to attempt to teach some of the young Greenlanders to read. They, however, had no desire to learn: eating was the thing which they seemed best to have understood, and had the strongest passion for. Whole nights, sometimes, were spent by them in gluttony; and if I were to tell you the delicacies upon which they feasted, I think you would be rather shocked. Books, paper, pens, are not, as little children say, “good to

eat," and they turned a deaf ear to everything the missionary could say to them: indeed, they told him, he was an idle, useless man, who passed his time in looking at books, and scratching with a feather, while the brave Greenlanders were hunting seals, and catching fish. In vain he endeavoured to talk to them concerning their souls. They knew of no other life than the present, and cared for no other. They were ignorant savages; but, are you sure you are not pursuing the same end, though, perhaps, in a different manner? All they thought about was feasting and gluttony. Your thoughts are, perhaps, equally intent upon this world: and if so, you are as unwise as the Greenlanders. If a house was on fire, a lady, who could not leave an interesting book she was reading in the drawing-room, would be as much in danger of being burnt to death, as the servant who would not get up from his supper in the kitchen. It scarcely matters to us, *how* we lose our lives, or our souls, if we do indeed lose them. The Greenlanders showed an equal aversion to hearing any thing about religion; and, not possessing the dissimulation of polite society, they did not leave Egede in doubt of their feelings upon this subject either. They plainly told him they cared nothing at all about it. Perhaps you will say, why did he not go back to his own country? No; he would not go home until he considered his duty there was done. He thought it was the will of God, that he

should preach the gospel to the Greenlanders, and, therefore, he persevered. "We walk by faith, not by sight;" our conduct should be governed, *not* by what we see and experience in this world, but what God has declared to us in his word. We *see* the world around us, wholly intent upon providing for their happiness *here*. Our Saviour has commanded us to take up our cross and follow him, and then we shall be happy *here*, and perfectly blest with him *hereafter*. We *see* daily around us all that is honoured, prized, and esteemed, in the sight of men. The Bible tells us it is vanity, and the only things worth our attention are those which are esteemed in the sight of God. Egede walked by faith, not by sight; he saw that the Greenlanders paid not the slightest attention to his instructions, and that year after year, it seemed as though he laboured in vain; but he knew that Christ had commanded that the gospel should be preached among the heathen, and therefore he persevered. If not one single idolater was converted to Christianity, it would still be the duty of Christians to "go into all the world," teaching all nations. It would be their duty, because it is their Saviour's commandment.

After Egede had lived about twelve years in Greenland, some Moravian missionaries, not deterred by his want of success, came out to help him. Their coming was a great blessing and encouragement to him; but, like himself, their efforts, their entreaties, their

exhortations, were totally lost upon the Greenlanders. They built themselves huts at a part of Greenland, which they fixed upon, and Egede generously lent all the assistance he possibly could to those, who following his example, had thus come to share his fruitless toils, and many misfortunes. His knowledge was of great use to them, especially in teaching them the language, which he had acquired with so much labour and difficulty. The grammar, books, and observations he had written, were all at their service. They derived great benefit from his kindness, and the experience he had acquired from his long residence in that barbarous country.

Egede, who seems to have sought every opportunity by which he could possibly hope to benefit the Greenlanders, had persuaded six of them to go to Denmark, hoping, perhaps, that the sight of the superior comforts and advantages enjoyed by civilized nations, might induce them to listen to his instructions, at least for their temporal welfare, if not for their soul's salvation. Four, out of the six who went, died, and the remaining two were sent back again, soon after the arrival of the Moravian missionaries. One of them, a girl, died at sea, the boy arrived, apparently in good health; but soon after his arrival, he was seized with a severe illness of which he died; the next person who was taken ill, was one named Christian Frederick, to the great grief of

Egede; the disorder proved fatal to him also, and his loss was deeply regretted, not only because he was one of the very few Greenland children, whom the missionary had been able to obtain, to instruct in the Christian religion, but also as Christian had now grown up to be a youth, and proved both grateful and useful to his benefactors. None, however, knew what the disease was, until another was taken ill, and then it was found to be a most virulent species of the small pox. The small pox, when it is introduced among savage nations, almost resembles the plague. In Africa, it is so dreadful, that in the interior, if it is known that there is any person ill of that complaint in a hut, the cruel people will surround it, and burn it to the ground, with every person who is inside it. In North America, large tracts of land have been entirely depopulated by it. In former times, it was very dreadful in England; so much so, that in the time of Queen Mary II. it was forbidden to mention it in society, on account of terrifying people. Of late years a remedy has been discovered, for which we ought to be truly grateful to God. Vaccination was not known at the time I am speaking of, even to the Europeans, and the Greenlanders would not submit to the remedies which *were* known to them. Unable to endure the pain, heat, and thirst of the disease, in their madness they plunged into the sea, or stabbed themselves, to put an end to their torment; they would

take no medicine, nor even submit to remain in their huts, but wandered about among their countrymen, carrying every where contagion and death. Egede sent to the Greenlanders at a distance, begging them to remain in their own places, and receive no strangers, warning them of the consequences of neglecting his advice. But it was received with the same perverseness as his religious instructions; the Greenlanders chose to follow their own course, and consequently the plague spread everywhere, with fearful rapidity. When he visited the sick, and exhorted them to patience and resignation, he was answered with exclamations of rage, impatience, and despair. One man, whose son died of the disease, murdered a woman in the house, because he fancied she had bewitched him. Still Egede continued to attend them with kindness and forbearance; their ingratitude might distress him, but it did not prevent him from doing every thing for them that he could, in which he was assisted by the other missionaries. Once, they found a poor girl alone upon an island, ill of the small pox, and three little children, her brothers: they were the only living creatures left there: her father had buried all the other inhabitants, and having made himself a grave, he lay down in it with his youngest child; some fish was left, which the children lived upon, until they were found. when Egede took them home to the place where he lived and took care of them. The

disorder did not cease until it had almost depopulated the country for many leagues, leaving little else than empty houses and unburied bodies.

Fifteen years had now been spent by Egede in Greenland; his health was impaired by anxiety and fatigue; old age was fast approaching; yet no Christian church there rewarded his labours—no Christian converts blessed the hour of his coming to their shores. Yet it was not for this, that the venerable Egede resolved upon returning to his native land; he considered that his task was accomplished, and that he was now permitted to spend the few remaining days of his life in peace: especially as there still remained in Greenland a band of faithful missionaries, who had bound themselves by a solemn resolution, that come life, come death, they would never quit the place, until they could appeal to the Lord, with the testimony of their own conscience, that they had, with the help of God, done all that man could do. Egede preached his farewell sermon from the text, “I said I have laboured in vain; I have spent my strength for nought, and in vain: yet surely my judgment is with the Lord, and my work with my God.” After which he took an affecting farewell of the other missionaries, and left them with a prayer that God would yet bless the Greenland mission. He returned to his own country, and passed his time until his death in instructing students in the language of the Greenlanders.

The missionaries he left behind him, undismayed by difficulties, dangers, and sufferings, imitated the glorious example of his perseverance, patience, and zeal; and the Lord crowned their labours with success. In the year 1822, the anniversary of Egede's landing in Greenland was celebrated. One hundred years had then elapsed since, after his long and patient waiting, he landed upon the shores of that country. But who was there to celebrate it? Hundreds upon hundreds of Christian Greenlanders to join their prayers and praises with the missionaries, that it had pleased God to put it into the heart of Egede to come to their desolate shores. *Now* Christian churches, Christian settlements, Christian congregations, are scattered over the land; and a spirit of love, of grace, and of knowledge, moves the hearts of the once barbarous and ignorant heathens. "How happy," says one of the missionaries, "is a life spent among a flock of true children of God and lovers of the Lord Jesus Christ, collected from among wild and barbarous heathens! How willingly do we forego many outward advantages, while we partake of the real blessedness of the house of God in such a family of Jesus, who have been brought by the Spirit of God out of heathenish darkness into the glorious light of his countenance!" My little friend, follow the example of the good Egede. How—do you ask me? "In walking by faith, and not by sight"—in acting from hour to hour, and day to day, and

year to year, *not* according to what you see and feel in this world, but according to that which God in his word hath commanded you: and be assured, that like Egede, you shall reap, if not here, hereafter, a glorious recompense. Perseverance is the crowning grace of a Christian's life; he does not look for reward here, but is contented to follow Christ's commandments, in faith, leaving him to order all things according to his will, and submitting patiently to it, at all times, and still endeavouring to act in obedience to his precepts, as though everything succeeded and was prosperous.

THE THREE SISTERS.

You often read histories of children who have died. Perhaps you would like to hear something about three young, happy, *living* sisters.

Do you remember the first Sunday in January? Perhaps your minister preached to young people on that day, and urged you to begin this year by giving your hearts to the Saviour. This was what these sisters wished to do. They had long sought to do so in secret, and now they wished to do it in public; and on the first Sabbath in this year, they were received as members of the church, and went together to partake of the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. How happy they felt, and how happy their dear parents felt, no one can tell. If only one had come to this decision, it would have been pleasant, but for all three to have done so, made this a joyful day indeed. They have since said, that they used to feel so much before, when they were obliged to leave the pew and go up into the gallery while their dear father

and mother remained below. It made them think, "What, if there should be a separation at last! Our dear parents in Heaven, and we shut out!" Do you ever have such thoughts as these?

Then they began to think what more they could do to please their Father in Heaven. They cannot do much for they are young, and a great deal of their time is taken up with their lessons, but they felt very anxious to do what they could. So they formed some little plans for themselves, and I will mention a few, in case there should be any that you would like to adopt for yourself.

First you must hear how they divide their time. They rise at half past six. At eight they meet, and read some of Matthew Henry's commentary together, and talk about it. In the cold dark weather, they meet in a snug little study with a cheerful fire. The room in which they meet during the greater part of the year, has a window with a deep seat, on which they rest their Bibles. It looks out on some beautiful hills, covered with low green wood. On the fine spring mornings, the sunlight streams through that window, and the bleating of the sheep, and the singing of the birds make the scene very cheerful. Many a happy hour have these dear girls passed there together. Sometimes they wonder how long they shall be permitted to enjoy so much sweet pleasure in each other's society, and how soon death or change may be sent to divide them: but this

thought draws them only the more closely to each other now, and makes them look forward to a happier meeting above. They have often knelt together at the footstool of their blessed Redeemer on earth, and they hope again to meet and bow at his feet in Heaven.

After family prayer and breakfast, they are at their lessons till one. The time is divided into hours and half hours, that none may be lost. At one they walk out, and there is generally some poor person to whom they have to take medicine, food, or clothes. After dinner they read history and other books. For half an hour before tea they sing. They are thinking they should like to improve the singing at the place of worship where they attend, and they are practising hymns together in parts for that purpose. They always have a hymn at family prayer, and take it in turns to lead the tune.

After tea, the whole family meet, and one reads perhaps some missionary work, or some volume of biography, while the rest are engaged with their needles, or in other useful employment. Every Saturday morning they have a little missionary prayer-meeting. Every Monday morning, the missionary box goes round in the parlour, and the servants have imitated the example, and set up one of their own in the kitchen. There are three young servants in the family, and each sister has taken one under her charge, with the resolution to pray and labour for the con-

version of that one. They have each a class in the Sunday-school, and there is also a day-school which they visit. Every Friday morning, the lessons are put aside, and they set off directly after breakfast to take tracts to the cottages, and to read to the poor and ignorant. They have divided the village into districts, in order to do the work thoroughly, for they feel great anxiety to be the means of leading some of the poor ignorant people around them to the knowledge and love of Jesus.

Do you think that this is a great deal for them to do? I hope *you* do not, and I am sure *they* do not think so. They hope to be able to do much more in a few years' time. It is only a very little of what they ought, and what they wish to do. They often think how their gracious Saviour gave up all for them, and they think it will be the least they can do to give their whole hearts and lives to Him.

There is one pleasure to which they are looking forward with much delight, and that is a Missionary communion. They will not this year have to go up into the gallery to be addressed as spectators, but hope to unite with the disciples of our Lord Jesus, in commemorating his dying love, and in devoting themselves afresh to his service for the time to come.

Dear little girls, is there any thing here which you have not yet done, but which you could do? I hope you will try to make a

beginning. First give your own selves to the Lord, and then you will soon find out something to do for Him. If the girls can do something, the boys can do more. Girls can only exert themselves in private—for a few people at a time—but boys may grow up to be ministers of the gospel, or even to be missionaries, and to preach Christ to hundreds and thousands. If all the dear children who read this book, were to come to the same resolution as the three sisters of whom I have been writing, what a happy thing it would be, and how much good might be done!

There is a hymn which these sisters often sing together to the tune called Suffolk, and of which they never seem to get tired, beginning,

“Awake my soul, stretch every nerve.”

May it soon be the language of all our young readers.

STORY OF MRS. JUDSON.

LITTLE JANE'S mamma was one day very busy reading the newspaper. Little Jane was sitting on a stool at her feet; she had her doll in her lap, a piece of net, and some pink ribbon, which she thought would make the young lady a pretty new cap, if her mamma was at leisure; but then her mamma looked as if she was so very busy! Poor Jane sighed two or three times, and she looked at dolly, and she looked at the pink ribbon; at last she could not control her impatience any longer, so she ventured to interrupt her mamma by saying, "Mamma, you are not generally so fond of reading the newspaper!" Mamma smiled, as she put down the newspaper, and looked at her little girl, and then she said, "I was reading, Jane, about a place, and about some people whom I feel very much interested in, and I think I could tell you something about them, which would make you feel interested in them too, but, perhaps, you would rather that I made your dolly's cap." Jane consi-

dered for a moment, and then she said, "Mamma, if you please, I would rather you told me the story." "A great many years ago, there lived in Massachusetts a young lady who was very pious and sincere in her love to God, and wished to serve him. In these days, you know, it is not at all uncommon for women to leave their homes and their friends, and to go out as missionaries among the heathen. But then such a thing had never been heard of; and when this lady desired to accompany her husband to a far distant country for this purpose, every one opposed it, and thought it very foolish and unreasonable on her part. However, she persevered in her intention; and she was the first American lady who ever left her country for such a cause."

"She went to the country you were reading about, I suppose, mamma!"

"Yes; it is called the Burman Empire: here it is—a long, long way from America, as you may see—besides which, the people are very savage and barbarous, as the story I am about to tell you will prove. The lady's name was Judson—she and her husband, Mr. Judson, lived for some years at a place called Rangoon, which is here on the sea coast. I have not time to tell you all that they did there, though the account is very interesting, and they had the happiness of seeing some of the people forsake the worship of idols, and learn to love their Saviour. After a time, however, they went to a town

further off, which was the largest in the empire, and where the king himself lived—this town was called Ava. Here, they lived peaceably for some time; they had a pretty house, and a school, where they taught the children, and instructed all who were willing to come and learn. But this did not last long. You see, here is India, close to the Burman Empire: now, you know that the English people have taken possession of the greater part of India. It so happened, that just at this time the Burmese had offended the English, and a large English army was sent to invade their country. The king of Ava was in a great passion when he heard of their arrival, and he resolved to revenge himself on the poor missionaries. One day, just as Mr. and Mrs. Judson were preparing for dinner, in rushed about a dozen Burmans, amongst whom was one with a spotted face—a mark, in that country, of his being an executioner. They immediately asked for Mr. Judson, seized him, threw him down, produced a small cord, which they use as an instrument of torture, by tying it round a person as tight as possible, and having bound him fast, they dragged him off, no one knew where. Poor Mrs. Judson! what do you think she did, when she was left alone in such a dreadful manner?"

"Prayed to God, mamma?"

"Yes, she prayed to God; and she asked Him to give her strength and courage, in her distress."

“But did not she go and look for her husband?”

“She could not, for they shut her up in her house, and kept guard outside, to prevent her getting out. Next morning, she sent a native, whose name was Mounng Ing, (he was a Christian,) to see if he could find Mr. Judson. He did find him at last, but in a sad state; he was in prison, with three pair of iron fetters on, and fastened to a long pole, to prevent his moving. For several days Mrs. Judson was kept in her house; but at last she was allowed to come out, by promising a present to the governor of the city. She hastened to the prison, and as she was not allowed to enter, Mr. Judson crawled to the door to speak to her, but she was driven away by the jailers. From that day, during seven long and sorrowful months, she was occupied every day in trying to get Mr. Judson set free, but in vain—he was not kept in the prison all this time, but in an open shed, within the prison enclosure, where she was allowed to send him food and a mat to sleep on, and sometimes she was allowed to see him; but often and often, this could only be after it was quite dark; and when she came out of the prison, she had a long way to walk to her own house, alone and at night. There, she says, she used to throw herself down on a chair which had been given her by her friends at home, and think of some new scheme for the release of Mr. Judson: and what added to her sufferings

was, that she lived in daily fear of his being cruelly put to death."

"I think that she must have been very sorry that she ever went to that country."

"No, I do not think she was; she does not once tell us that she thought of her home in America, or wished she was there—but she does tell us that, in her sorrow, she thought of that peaceful, happy rest, where Jesus reigns—and think what a satisfaction it must have been to her to have remembered, that all she suffered was in his service—had it not been for her love to him, and her desire to teach others about him, she never would have gone among such a fierce and barbarous people. Now what does my little Jane think of this? Does she think the lady really was happy in the midst of all her sufferings, because she met with them in the service of God?" "Yes, mamma, I dare say she was." "It is not every one who is required to be a missionary; but no person can serve God, who does not daily do many things, and bear with many things, that are disagreeable to themselves, and contrary to their own inclinations. Do you remember the text I taught you about this, the other day, and the meaning of it? 'If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily and follow me.'" "You said that those who wished to be Christians, must try to do in every thing as Christ did, and not as they liked best themselves." "Yes, and then they will enjoy the same kind of happiness

that Mrs. Judson did, though in a different manner; for it is said, 'Great peace have they which love thy law, and nothing shall offend them.'

'Things went on in this way for some time, until one morning Mrs. Judson received a message from her husband, to say, that he and all the other white people had been put into the inner prison, in five pairs of fetters each, that his little room had been torn down, and his mat, pillow, &c., been taken away by the jailers. This was sad news to her. She went to the prison gate, but they would not let her in—all was as still as death—not a white face was to be seen, nor a vestige of the little room remaining. She then went to the governor's house. This old man was very kind to her, and felt very sorry when he saw her. But why then had he put Mr. Judson into the inner prison?—because he had been ordered to kill him secretly, so he had put him and all the other white men out of sight. Mrs. Judson was therefore obliged to go home again very sorrowful. That country is not like ours—the weather is intensely hot; and as there were a hundred people shut up in one close place, without a breath of air, except from the cracks in the boards, their sufferings were very dreadful; they looked more like dead people than living ones; and day after day, as Mrs. Judson went and looked in upon them—for she was not allowed to stay—she went away more

unhappy than ever. One morning, however, when she went, she found them all gone! She went from one place to another, asking every one what had become of them; but no one would or could answer her. At last an old woman told her that all the white people had been sent to a town some way off. Taking her poor little baby in her arms, and accompanied by two other children, whom she took care of, she set out and travelled till she came to the place. Here, for a very long time, she suffered in the same manner as she did at Ava; but she did not know the purpose for which the prisoners were brought to that dreadful place, which was, that they were to be burned alive: the cruel man, however, who intended this, was killed himself, so that they still remained in prison. In the midst of their sorrows, Mrs. Judson was taken ill of a dreadful fever; but though she was so ill, and not able to move, she could *pray*, and she did pray; she asked God to take care of him, and she felt comforted in the thought of his love and protection; and in time she recovered from her illness. In the meanwhile, the English army came nearer and nearer to the city, and the king and the people got more and more frightened. At last they sent and promised to give the English every thing they wanted, if they would only promise to go away. Among the things which the English demanded, was, that all the white people, (amongst whom of

course were Mr. and Mrs. Judson,) should be sent to them. This the king, for a long time, refused—for though he had used them so cruelly, he did not wish to part with them: but when the English army threatened to take possession of his city, he consented to that, and every thing else they required. If Mrs. Judson had prayed to God in her distress, she did not forget to praise him now, when, safely seated in the boat, with her husband and little baby, and sailing down the river on a beautiful moonlight night, she left for ever the place where she had suffered so dreadfully.”

“And were the English kind to her, mamma, and did she get safely back to her own country, and live happily afterwards?”

“The English were very kind to her, and I have no doubt that she lived happily afterwards; but she did not desire to go back to her own country; she lived and died among the heathen, trying to teach them about Christ. Nor was it without success—five I have read of who were converted and became Christians; and some of them who loved Mrs. Judson very much, had stayed with her all the time Mr. Judson was in prison, and did every thing they could to comfort and assist her.”

“But five seems very few, mamma!”

“Very few, Jane! I do not know that there were only five; but if so, it is not very few; do you remember the text you have

learnt, about the angels of God rejoicing in heaven over the soul of *one* person who repents? one, only one; how can you say, then, that five are very few?"



DUSSELTHAL ABBEY.

It is a happy thing to labour for the cause of Christ among the distant heathen; but there are also missionaries at home, whose work is often equally useful, and equally blest. It is about one of these that I am now going to tell you.

It was a lovely morning in spring, when a little boy was walking alone in a beautiful garden; alone, as he thought, but not quite so, for his fond mamma who had sent him out, was standing at a window of her castle watching her dear child. The night had been stormy, and she had sent him out to see if any of her flowers had been blown down; and if there were, to raise them, and tie them up again. For some time the little Adelbert pursued his occupation, enjoying the sweetness of the morning, as cheerful and gay as the little birds who were singing among the branches over his head. At last, as he was looking up, watching some pigeons which were flying about at a distance, he saw one little dove fluttering fee-

bly on the wing; its movements showed that its strength had failed, and it was falling to the ground; its companions hovered round, but could not help it; little Adelbert knew that immediately under it there was a large pond, and that if it fell into it, it would certainly be drowned. Off he ran to its assistance. There was a bridge across the pond, and a boat in it, but the bridge was too high above the water, to enable him to reach the dove, and the boat was too far off. While he was considering what he should do, the poor dove dropped faster and faster through the air, until at last it fell as Adelbert had feared, into the water; it faintly stretched out its scarcely fledged wings, and Adelbert knew not how to rescue it; until he joyfully saw at a short distance a washing tub, which the maids had been using for the clothes. Down he rolled it into the pond, and seizing a pole which lay near, pushed off to the help of the drowning dove. He caught hold of it, just as it was in the act of sinking, took it out of the water, and wiped its wet wings with his handkerchief, and not knowing what to do with it, put it inside his jacket, whilst he was occupied in getting back again to the shore. The Countess had watched her child with great anxiety, during this time: Adelbert was wrong in getting into the washing-tub, for although we should always be ready to risk our own lives to save one of our fellow-men, it is not right to do so for the sake of a bird; yet the

Countess was not angry, for she felt overjoyed, to see that her Adelbert possessed so much humanity and kindness; still she watched him anxiously, till he got safe to shore. Warmth had restored the dove; it opened its red eyes, and the happy Adelbert began to feed it with a piece of bread: he then ran into the castle to his mother, to tell her all that happened, but she knew already, and clasping her dear little boy in her arms, she pressed him to her, and solemnly said, "God bless you, my dear child! May you never show less promptitude or intrepidity in reseuing unfortunate men!" These words went, as the words of a fond Mother often do, to the heart of her child. They were not forgotten through long after years, and the good Countess, before she died, had the happiness of seeing him, by the blessing of God, save hundreds of his fellow-creatures from a fate, far worse than that which awaited the drowning dove. I will tell you how this came about. When Count Von der Reeke, for such was the name of the little boy, became a man, Prussia, his native country, had been desolated by a long and dreadful war. You do not know what a terrible thing war is. Little children, when they hear of great battles and splendid victories, do not know the sufferings with which they are purchased; for my part, although I love my country as well as any one, and hope that it may always be as flourishing, and prosperous, as

it now is, yet I cannot help thinking it is a very wicked thing to go to war.

At the time of which I am speaking, the country had been laid waste, the towns made desolate, and many, many families utterly ruined. There was another dreadful consequence of the war in Prussia: many people lost, not only their property, but their lives, and their poor little children were left to wander about the world without any one to take care of them. Fatherless, motherless, homeless, some wandered from door to door, begging a bit of bread; some hid themselves in the woods and lived like savages upon berries and birds' eggs, which they found in the nests; and some lived in the holes and corners of the city, in dirt and wretchedness, among thieves and beggars, and learned to beg and steal like them. Count Von der Recke pitied these multitudes of unhappy children, and although he and his family had lost a great part of their property, during the war, he resolved to do something for their relief. He, therefore, bought an estate, called Dusselthal Abbey, and went to live there, devoting his life to the care and instruction of the poor orphans, whom he collected from the woods, and towns, and villages around. The Count, was a nobleman, and might have lived only for his own pleasure and amusement, as many do; but he was a pious man, one who loved Christ, and was willing to give up his own comfort to do good to his fellow creatures. Instead of having fine car-

riages and horses, plenty of servants, and an elegant house, he lived in a plain and humble manner, eating black bread, and drinking water, and devoting his money and his time, to the orphans he had received.

Dusselthal Abbey is a large mansion, situated in a pleasant valley, near the town of Dusseldorf. It has a chapel belonging to it, gardens, and play-grounds for the children; they have school-rooms, where they are taught to read and write, and work-shops, where they are taught different trades, in order that they may be able to work for their living, when they are grown up. At the hour of five in summer, and six in winter, a bell rings for them to get up, and when they are dressed, another bell calls them to prayers. An hour after comes the sound of the breakfast bell; and when breakfast is over, they all go to the chapel, where they hear the Bible read, and are taught their duty as Christians. From thence they all separate to their different school-rooms, where they are taught writing, reading, arithmetic, geography, and history. At noon, they have their dinner, after which, they go out to play, in the garden and play-ground. After their time for play is over, the bell rings again for labour, and they each go to the different rooms and work-shops, where they are taught their future trade. Some learn to colour maps, pictures, and plants—some to make shoes—some to bake, or work upon the farm, others to be smiths, gardeners, or millers; but

they all attend the tailor's room, and are taught to make their own clothes, that they may never go in rags again. At seven they have their supper; after which, they all assemble for evening worship. Sometimes, interesting stories about missionaries, are then told them, or something of importance that has occurred during the day, is related, or any instance of kindness shown, or interest taken in them by strangers, is told them. The day is closed with hymns and sacred music, which they sing very sweetly.

Do you not think these children ought to have loved the Count, who had taken them from so much misery and wretchedness, and placed them in such a comfortable home? They ought to have done so, certainly, but many of them were very ungrateful. You would have supposed that a number of starving children would have been thankful for good food; but no, they had learnt to prefer the sour fruit, and raw vegetables which they used to get when wandering about, to the wholesome food given them by the Count; and they liked much better, many of them to go about in dirt, and rags, than to wear neat and proper clothing; for they looked upon regular meals, and clean clothes, as a restraint, and were better pleased to go wild, as they used to do. We may see from this, the advantage of contracting good habits. You are accustomed to be well dressed, to have your meals at the usual time, and to eat proper food; and so far from thinking these

things a restraint, you would think yourselves very unfortunate to be without them. So it is with all good habits; they are a restraint at first, but when we become used to them, they are a comfort and a pleasure. To submit our own wills to the commandments of God, is often a difficult lesson to learn; but when, by the help of God, we become used to it, then it is a blessing; and the peace of mind, cheerfulness, humility, and gentleness, which we have learnt, make our own happiness, as well as that of those around us; and protect us from many things that would otherwise vex us. "Ye are my friends," said the Lord, "if ye keep my commandments;" happy are the friends of the Lord Jesus Christ! But to keep his commandments, we must learn to deny ourselves, to submit to constraint, and to refrain from many things which are agreeable to our own inclination. There was also another cause, which inclined these orphan children to hate every thing which was good, and to love that which was bad; they had all their lives lived among wicked people, and evil example always does harm to those who witness it. There is a small creature called the chameleon, which has the singular property of constantly changing its colour; being green upon green grass, red upon red cloth, and so on. Now, that is just the case with us; we are too apt to resemble those whom we are constantly with; so that we should be careful to associate with good people, whom we

should wish to be like, and not with those whose example we ought to avoid, for we may be sure that if we are constantly with them, there is danger of our becoming like them, whether we are sensible of it, or not.

Some of the children at Dusselthal, weary of the restraint which they considered so disagreeable, ran away and resumed their begging and wandering life. One of them named Diedrich, having wandered about some days in the woods, began to be sorry for what he had done, and to wish to return to his kind friends. So he found his way to a town, and putting the following letter into the post-office, waited for an answer; "Dear Count, I cannot omit to write to you. I pray you whom I have so often offended to forgive me. I perceive now my errors, and I beg you will this once receive me again as a poor lost sheep. I beg you will do it——thus wishes your affectionate Diedrich." He forgot however to put a direction, so that the Count did not know how to write to him: he employed the police to see if they could find him, but in vain: at last, he sent a letter to him to stay at the post-office. Day after day poor Diedrich called there in vain, for the people at the post-office, did not think the letter could be for that ragged boy; until at last, teased by his constant inquiries, they asked his name, and finding the Count's letter really was for him, they gave it him. To his great joy it contained his pardon, and permission to return to Dusselthal, which he

accordingly did. He had not been long there, however, before he committed a theft, and ran away to the mountains. Six months after, he was again found under the walls of Dusselthal, and again pardoned and received. But his evil habits soon returned, and, after remaining a short time, one cold winter's night, he again set off with a number of worthless creatures in masks, and was seen no more.

There were many other cases like this, yet the Count was not discouraged; he patiently persevered in his kind efforts and was in several instances richly rewarded. We should never be in a hurry for a quick return; if you sow any seeds in your garden, you must wait several weeks before they come up, and weeks and weeks more, before they produce flowers; neither do the prettiest flowers always come up first. We should therefore learn to wait patiently for every thing. The Count was very happy, as you may suppose, when he saw any of the poor children, whom he had taken out of such a deplorable state, learn to be good, and industrious: they were not all like Diedrich, several of them amply repaid him, for his kindness, by their own improvement, which was what he desired. Amongst this number was Clemens. When he first arrived at Dusselthal, although he was thirteen years old, he could hardly speak intelligibly; his language resembled the grunting of the pigs he had been used to keep company with in the woods. He had

no father, and no mother, nor could he recollect the time when he had any one to love or to care for him, nor give any account of where he came from. As he became more familiar with them, they found out that he had been employed as swine-herd by a peasant; he used to take his drove of pigs into the fields, far from all human habitations, and there he ate and slept amongst them; his favourite recollections when he began to talk of past times, always related to these pigs, and he used to tell his companions at Dusselthal, long stories about them. His unfeeling master scarcely allowed him sufficient food to keep him from being starved, and often the poor little boy faint and hungry, was glad to eat the herbage such as the pigs eat. It was a long time before he could be made to give up the almost brutish habits, which he had acquired during a childhood passed in such a manner. One of his greatest luxuries, was, when having stole secretly upon all fours into the garden, he could browse without interruption upon the salad beds, which were to him a delicious treat, neither was it very easy to make him forego it. After a long series of care and teaching however, his amiable qualities began to show themselves. In process of time his conduct became so kind and obliging, that it gained him the affection of all his companions, while his humility and gentleness made him a favourite with his teachers, and an example to those who had enjoyed far greater advan-

tages. Within a very few years he was still living at Dusselthal, industrious and happy.

I could tell you a great many more stories about the Count and his children; of the strange habits of the unfortunate little beggars, and of the extraordinary dress in which they used to arrive: their ragged Prussian coats, French tattered cloaks, Russian caps scarcely stuck upon the clotted fragments of uncombed hair, and their toes thrust through the remains of ladies' embroidered shoes; of the unwillingness with which they submit to be disrobed of their finery, although it often swarms with vermin. I could tell you of their evil ways, their swearing, lying, stealing, and idleness, which they had learnt of the wicked people they had been with, in many of the different nations of Europe through which they had wandered. I could show you the same children, neat and clean in their persons, content with proper food, willing to submit to proper restraint, learning to read and write, and acquiring the knowledge of a trade, which might support them in comfort and honesty when they grew up. I could also show them to you singing the praises of God, learning the love of Christ, and in some happy instances delighting in the knowledge. But it would make my story too long. Yet I must ask you, whether, if you have a comfortable home, and kind parents, you ought not to be very grateful to God for these blessings; and whether you ought not to show your

gratitude by giving either now, or at some future time, when you have an opportunity, something to assist in taking care of orphans.

One thing more I will add—Do you not think the Count Von der Recke is happier than if he had passed his life in ease and indolence? I am sure he is. In consulting our ease, we do not consult our happiness: that is, by giving ourselves trouble, and exerting ourselves for the welfare of others, we are far more happy than while we are only intent upon our own enjoyment—not that we ought to exert ourselves for the sake of being happy ourselves, but in order to make others so, and then our own happiness will follow as a matter of course.

One of our first considerations should be, to make ourselves *useful*. Have you ever noticed what a pretty web the spider makes! the long fine threads, drawn regularly from point to point, and interwoven so beautifully together; and if it happens to be outside the window, you may see those pretty threads, on a fine dewy morning, all covered with little rows of dew drops glistening in the sun like pearls; and what is that web for? To catch poor flies for the spider's dinner. Now I do not see why we should find fault with the spider for catching flies, any more than with ourselves for eating beef and mutton; yet you know we do not particularly admire him, and far from liking his web, we always sweep it away; but we do not treat the silk

worm in this way, because his web is useful to us, and makes us a comfortable dress, and we think much of his skill and ingenuity. Now, while you are only occupied for yourself, you are like the spider, but when you are doing any thing which will be useful to any one else, you are like the silk worm which is far better.

Every one who wishes it, may be a missionary at home, although they may not be able to receive beggars and orphans in their house to provide for them, and instruct them like the good Count Von der Reeke: he is happy, for God has said "they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars, for ever and ever;" but those who have no opportunity to do as he has done, may always find at home, some poor and ignorant people, who need their assistance and instruction, as much as the distant heathen.

THE PANORAMA.

"MAMMA," said little Jane, "I've such good news for you!" It was very early in the morning, but a bright ray of light shone through the opening of the window-shutter, and even peeped in, through the curtain of mamma's bed. Jane had scrambled up on a chair, and her little face was now just making its appearance above mamma's pillow. "What's the matter, Jane?" "Oh, mamma, have you forgot the Panorama!" Mamma, to whom the Panorama was not an object of such great consequence, as it was to her little daughter, had quite forgotten it, and felt rather vexed at being woke at such an unseasonable hour in the morning. She, however, inquired what was the good news. "Why, mamma, that it is a fine morning, and we shall be able to go." Jane's mamma tried to go to sleep again, but she could not. So after some delay, she got up, and when she was dressed, she called Jane to take a walk with her in the garden. All the beautiful flowers were fresh and fragrant with the dew of the night, and the

little birds were singing their merry song in the bright sunshine. Whilst they were walking, Jane's mamma talked to her child about the Panorama they were going to see: she told her it represented a beautiful island, but that the people were both heathen and savages; they had no houses to live in, nor clothes to wear, nor any fields planted with corn to make them bread; but worse far than this, they knew nothing of God, until some kind missionaries went to teach them: and Jane was very much pleased when her mamma told her she would see the picture of the missionary's house and his garden, and the church which had been built. After breakfast they put on their bonnets, and as Jane's mamma was not rich, and had no carriage of her own, they walked down the hill to wait for the omnibus to take them up to town. Now it happened that morning, that there were several people in the omnibus who knew Jane's mamma, so they began to talk to her about different things, and Jane was left very much to herself. Now Jane was very uncomfortable; a poor shabbily dressed woman sat next to her, who had several parcels and a bundle. Jane did not like that her pretty muslin frock should touch the woman's clothes, so she held it as much as possible away from her. The woman stopped to get out just at the same time that Jane and her mamma did, and she seemed to want Jane to hold some of her parcels for her. Jane had been too well brought up,

positively to refuse, so she looked out of the window, while her mamma was getting out of the omnibus, and then followed her, and away they walked to the Panorama. When they got there Jane was very much delighted with the magnificent scenery. The time represented was early in the morning; the place was a large island, surrounded by the calm blue sea; in the distance were several other islands and rocks; the distant hills of the island were covered with beautiful trees, while nearer might be seen bright scarlet flowers, such as we keep in hot-houses and green-houses, but there they grow wild amongst the bushes. On one side was a group of savages, dancing in a wild and fierce manner, and drawn up on the beach was a large canoe, out of which came a number of ferocious looking men, who were returning from one of their wicked and cruel expeditions. On the opposite shore was a very different scene; just at the foot of the wood-covered hills, close to the blue sea, were a few cottages, which, with their barns and hay-stacks round them, looked like a quiet little English village. After Jane had passed some time in admiring all she saw, her mamma told her that the island was called New Zealand, and that the English cottages were the missionary settlement; and she pointed out to her the pretty plots of green grass by which it was surrounded, the seeds of which were brought from England, for they have no grass in that country; and she showed

her the missionary's house, and the school, and the ehureh. Jane thought it did not look much like a ehurch, but she was pleased when she saw all the little New Zealand ehildren going to sehool. She had read a letter which they had written to some ehildren in this country, and she knew that they learned about Christ, and she thought what a difference there was between them and the wild savages on the other shore. Her mamma told her how kind the missionaries had been to the New Zealanders in many things, and how they had taught the New Zealanders about God. Jane could think of nothing, and speak of nothing all day, when she got home, but the kindness of the missionaries, in going to that distant island, and of how happy they must have been, when any of the New Zealanders, by the blessing of God, became Christians; and at last she said, "Mamma, how I should like to be a missionary!" Mamma shook her head. "Yes, indeed, mamma," said Jane, more earnestly, "that I should!" "Then you have much to learn first: why, you did not even like that woman in the omnibus to sit next to you!" "Oh, mamma, but then she was so dirty!" "Dirty! I assure you, she was beautifully neat and elean, compared with the New Zealanders." "But you know, mamma, that is quite different." "Not at all different: if you could not bear with a dirty woman in the omnibus, you may depend upon it, you could not bear with the

New Zealanders. A missionary must try to please others, in order that he may have an opportunity of teaching them about Christ, for no one will listen to the instructions of a person whom they do not love. He will have much to bear with, and must, therefore, learn not to think about his own comfort and accommodation. Those who will not begin at home, are not likely to succeed abroad.

New Zealand is a very pretty place to look at, in the Panorama, but that you may understand that it is not such a pleasant place to live in, I will give you an account of what happened, not long ago, to a missionary family there. Jane's mamma took a book out of her work-basket, and Jane sat down, on her little stool, to listen to the story. "A man of the name of Towee Taboo, instead of knocking in the usual manner, for admittance, chose to jump over the fence and in doing so, he hurt his foot. He then commenced jumping about the yard, making many wild antics, and brandishing his spear, with furious gestures; he then rushed up to the missionary, and demanded to be paid for having hurt his foot." "Oh! really, mamma!" exclaimed Jane, "that was too bad." "So the missionary thought, Jane, and he refused." Towee then snatched up an iron pot, which he was going to carry off, but the missionary would not allow it. Towee then began to stamp about

the yard, with a measured pace, and horrid gestures, every now and then stopping or squatting down, thumping his breast, and panting, as if trying to excite his own rage to the utmost, before making a fatal spring. The missionary not being able to quiet him, left him to himself, and joined the rest of the family, it being the time for prayers. After prayers, Towee came to the window, and putting in the leg he had hurt, again demanded payment. The missionary told him he had acted very wrong, that he must go away, and come again to-morrow, in a proper manner, and knock at the gate, like Mr. Tekokee, Mr. Wattoo, Mr. Eurota, Mr. Uark-eye, and then he would let him in, and say, 'How do you do, Mr. Towee?' and invite him to breakfast. This, however, by no means pacified him; he talked about staying many days, and burning the house; that he should stay to-day, to-morrow, and five days more, that he should make a great fight, and that 'ten, and ten, and ten, and ten men, holding up his fingers as he spoke, would come and set fire to the place. The natives, who lived with the missionary, now got frightened, and coming to the window, they called to the missionary's wife, and said, "To-morrow, you see a great fire—the house—oh, yes!—the children dead—all dead—a great many men,—a great fight—plenty muskets." The missionaries then shut up their house, and closed all the windows,

and some of them went to bed, and some remained to keep watch. Nothing further, however, happened that night, except that they heard Towee, chaunting, or rather yelling a horrible ditty, by which he fancied he could bewitch the missionaries. Very early in the morning, they were awakened by the savages who were continually arriving, until the premises were entirely surrounded. However, the family ventured to assemble, and go to breakfast, and even to send out some to their uninvited guests, hoping to appease them. Towee drank the tea, but was soon again seen prancing about the yard, with many other warriors, all hideous figures, armed with spears and hatchets, and some few with muskets. The missionary went out to endeavour to appease the tumult, leaving his wife and children in the house. Here they sat nearly all day, trembling with fear, and almost fainting with the heat, as the windows were blocked up, with ranges of native heads looking in. The noise and clamor outside, were very great, and the poor little children began to cry in the fear that the savages would kill their papa, and themselves too, when they heard the slight rush walls of the mission-house, shaking all around them."

"Oh, mamma, if I had been there, how frightened I should have been."

"Well, so they were: but one little boy remembered he had a Friend, who was able

to take care of them all; and he began to repeat the first lines of a little hymn he had learnt:—

“Jesus, thou, our guardian be,
Sweet it is, to trust in thee”—

and said, he should like to say it for a month; and then, when the fight came again, he could pray to himself, and he would pray the great God to make these poor creatures know Him, and love the Lord Jesus Christ, and then they would leave off fighting. He then repeated what his mamma had told him, to his little sister, and told her, that a woman and four little children, could do nothing; but they could pray to God, and he could keep the natives from hurting their poor papa. It was not the natives that they ought to be afraid of, for they could not keep them out of heaven, if they killed them; but they should be afraid of sin.” Thus he tried to comfort his little sister, and God heard their prayers, for their papa was not killed, but came back to them again safe, after the disturbance was over.

“And so, mamma, Mr. Towce did not succeed in getting paid, for having hurt himself, by clambering over the fence, instead of coming in at the door.”

“I am sorry to say he did; for he kept possession of the iron pot he had seized. in the first instance, and carried it off in triumph.”

“But had not they any servants in the

house that the children were left there alone, with their mamma?"

"There were a few native girls who helped them to do the work of the house, but directly there was any thing to be seen or heard, they went away, and sometimes even when there was not. How would you like it, if when it was time to lay the cloth for dinner, Sarah was to go out and bathe in the river, and return after dinner, and lie down for two or three hours; you, in the meantime, being obliged to lay the cloth, wait upon yourself, and wash up all the plates and dishes afterwards?"

"Is that the way they do in New Zealand, mamma?"

"That is the account a missionary's wife gives of her servants."

This cooled Jane's ardour for going to New Zealand. After remaining quiet for some time, at length she said, "Well then, mamma, I should like to go to India, as a missionary; there are plenty of servants there!"

"Perhaps there may be," said her mamma, "but then there are other inconveniences to be borne with; but one thing I am sure of, that when you are grown up, you can never be a useful Christian, much less a missionary, until you have learned to consider your own comfort a secondary object; and to reflect, not what you like best yourself, but how you can do that which is most pleasing to God, and most likely to do good to others."

Jane said nothing further, but she did not forget when she went to bed that night, to pray to God to make her think less of herself, and more of pleasing Him, and doing good to others. According to the words of Christ, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me;" we can never follow Christ, or be really Christians, whilst we are only intent upon pleasing ourselves, and making ourselves comfortable.



LEANG AFA.

OPEN the map of Asia, and you will there find traced the vast empire of China. Its riches, prosperity, and civilization, equal its extent; it has fine towns, beautiful gardens, and well cultivated fields, and a population as skilful in inventing, and as eager in enjoying the comforts and luxuries of life as ourselves. It has existed too, from very remote times, before the coming of our Lord upon earth, and when England and the rest of Europe were covered with forests, and inhabited by barbarians, the Chinese were, what they are now, a learned, civilized, and polished people.

Might we then have lived as well and as happily had we been born natives of that far distant country, as we may in our own land? No; for the Chinese know not God. However wise or clever people may be, they know nothing of the will of God, unless He teaches them: of this, the Chinese, as well as the Egyptians, Grecians, Romans, and other great nations that have existed, are a striking



MISSIONARY PREACHING.



proof. Notwithstanding the Chinese are a civilized people, and have been such for thousands of years, they are plunged in the profoundest ignorance in all things relating to religion. Not only are their idols multiplied through the land, but they offer sacrifices to the hills, the rivers, and the winds, and to the great men who lived in former times, the principal of whom is a philosopher called Confucius. Does a fire happen? they attribute it to an evil spirit; a long pole is erected in a public place, and adorned with lanterns; it is visited each morning with music, and the people bow towards it. A theatrical exhibition is then appointed in the hope of appeasing the evil spirit. Does an inundation overspread the country, destroying the grain, and reducing multitudes to famine? "It is the Dragon," say the Chinese, "moving his tail under-ground, and causing the water to come up!"

But let not my little reader smile at this; we should have been as foolish and ignorant as they, unless it had pleased the Lord to teach us better. Perhaps you will ask, Why do we not send missionaries there? The Chinese will not allow them to come; they are filled with a vain idea of their own greatness and wisdom; they call the English, and all other nations, "Outside barbarians," and despise every people on earth, except themselves. Some few years ago, the King of England sent an ambassador to China, with presents for the Emperor. As the ambassa-

dor offended the Emperor,* he refused to receive him, and wrote a letter to the king, in which he told him, that he *did* intend to have feasted the ambassador in the hall of light and splendour," and in the "garden of mutual pleasure;" to have granted him leave to ramble among the "hills of ten thousand ages," and to have conferred rewards at the "Gate of Concord;" but "in consequence of this affront, although he did not inflict severe chastisement, he sent them away." It cannot be doubted that the ambassador was wrong, for he said he was ill, I believe, when he was not; and thus had a journey of so many thousand miles in vain. The letter, however, goes on, after mentioning the acceptance of a few presents, to inform the king of England of the Emperor's pleasure in the following terms:—"The celestial empire," (by which he means China,) "does not value things brought from a distance; all the curious and ingenious productions of your country, it does not look upon as rare pearls. There is no occasion for the future to trouble yourself to send an ambassador so far; but pour out your heart in dutiful obedience, and for ever obey this." Such was his Majesty's mandate to the king of England! but if the self-conceit of the Chinese lead them to despise the "out-

* By refusing to enter the Emperor's presence immediately on his arrival from a long journey, without having had time allowed him even to change his dress. Lord Amherst was the ambassador.—See Dr. Morrison's Memoirs.

side barbarians," they equally dislike them: no stranger is ever allowed to go to any Chinese town except Canton, no woman is permitted to land even there; and the Chinese government absolutely forbids its subjects to teach the language to foreigners. But the written Chinese is the language of five nations; the language of 300,000,000 of people! Whatever, therefore, may be the consequences, the difficulties, or dangers, attending the attempt, it has been the earnest desire of Christians, to send missionaries to acquire the language, and to preach the gospel in it. A missionary, Dr. Morrison, passed nearly all his life there, translating the Bible into Chinese, which he completed before his death. The Chinese is a language very difficult to learn, as it contains 80,000 different characters. The translation of the Bible was the great work of Dr. Morrison's life; but both he, and another missionary, Dr. Milne, though prohibited from preaching, and watched and suspected on every side, yet found means to convey instruction to a few of the people, who in their turn became persecuted, when their knowledge of Christianity was suspected. Amongst these few was a Chinese, named Leang Afa.

Dr. Morrison lived at Canton; but although he was suffered to remain there, no sooner did Dr. Milne arrive from England, than he was immediately ordered to leave the place; he, therefore, went to Malacca, a town not very far distant, where he occupied himself

in learning Chinese, and in printing Dr. Morrison's Chinese translation of the Bible. For this purpose, he engaged two Chinese printers, one of whom was Leang Afa.

Leang Afa was an idolater; yet he does not appear to have been entirely thoughtless upon the subject of right and wrong, good and evil. When he was about to leave Canton, whilst sitting alone, waiting for the time to come in which he was to embark on board the vessel to go to Malacca, he thought to himself that this change of situation would be a good opportunity for altering his course of life, and becoming wise and virtuous; "and now," said he to himself, "why not give up my worthless friends, cease to follow my evil practices, and become a good man?" Then he reflected with regret upon the folly and wickedness of his past years, and the age he had reached without having made any good use of his life. It would be well for us all to inquire what good use we have made of past time—particularly those who are young. Have you a little garden of your own, where you attend to your own plants, and sow your own seeds? If so, you know that the time which is lost can never be regained; if you sow your seeds a month later, they will come up a month later: and if you let all the pleasant months of the spring go by, and do not sow them until the summer, they will not come up until the autumn, and then, perhaps, never flower at all, or as soon as their delicate blossoms appear, they will

be destroyed by the cold winds and rains of the coming winter. Just so it is in our hearts; the time which is lost before we begin to do what is right, can never be regained; perhaps you think all time that is past is lost to us; no, if it has been well employed, it is not *lost*, although we shall never see it again. Look at the pretty plant which was set in the garden in the spring; it was very little then, but now it has sent forth shoots, and stems, and leaves, and has grown large and handsome; the bright summer months are past, but they were not lost to it. God, who causes the sun to shine, and the rain to fall, and the earth to bring forth herbs and flowers, can alone cause holy dispositions to grow in our hearts. We should, therefore, look to Jesus, and endeavour with his help to follow the example he gave us when on earth:—

“Like him may we be found below
 In wisdom's paths of peace;
 Like him in grace and knowledge grow,
 As years and strength increase.”

When Leang Afa landed at Malacca, he was surrounded by people whose language he did not understand. “I had a mouth,” said he, “but I could not speak; I had ears, but I could not hear, my grief was extreme.” Being thus unable to join in the society of others, he had full leisure to consider his good resolutions, and to put them into practice. But he did not find this possible. He

prayed to gods and goddesses of every description, begging them to send him peace and great prosperity. Then he burnt incense, and made offerings to them. The Chinese burn paper before their gods, with gold and silver leaf upon it; the paper, they say, is to represent clothes, and the gold and silver leaf, money; all which, when sent up in flame, are caught by surrounding spirits.

But, perhaps, you wonder how it was, that the missionary, in whose house Leang Afa lived, did not teach him better. Alas! he would not learn; he disliked exceedingly to hear the Bible read, and to worship God, and he wished to hear nothing about it.

At length the priest of one of the false gods, called Budha, came to visit him; and, glad to have some one to consult, in the unhappy state of his mind, Leang Afa readily entered into conversation with him, respecting his idol. The priest assured him, that if he would serve Budha, not only should he obtain pardon for his own sins, but those of all his family should also be forgiven. Delighted at hearing this, Leang Afa eagerly inquired how Budha was to be served. The priest then told him, that daily, morning and evening, he must repeat the sacred books, and contribute money to the support of the idol. Leang Afa then inquired if it would be meritorious to burn incense to Budha. He was assured it would. The priest then gave him a book, and told him if he read a single page, he would reduce a little the sins of

his former state of being in this world; but that if he would recite *one thousand million* pages, then all the sins of his former state would be cancelled, all suffering in his present, prevented. Poor Leang Afa! joyfully did he commence his task; evening after evening, and evening after evening, did he sit reciting the book. When we hear these things, how can we help thinking of our Saviour's words, when he said: "When ye pray, use not vain repetitions as the heathen do: for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking." Leang Afa soon found that his "much speaking" brought him neither peace nor holiness of mind, nor a sense of the pardon he desired; and, after many wearisome efforts, he discontinued. Still he feared the consequences of his sins, and he was determined to make himself better. He did not know that without the help of Christ, he had no power to do so; we cannot make ourselves good, any more than if we are ill, we can make ourselves well; but as diseases cause the death of the body, so sin causes the death of the soul, that awful death which is called in the Revelation, "the second death." This is the reason why sin is spoken of as a disease, in the Bible, as in Isaiah i. 5, 6, and Christ alone is the physician who can heal us of this disease.

After some time passed in the manner which I have described, it pleased the Lord, to incline Afa's heart to seek his Saviour; by degrees he began to listen to the instructions

of the missionary, and to read the Bible. He became convinced of his utter inability to make himself good, and he heard with extreme delight of the atonement which Christ had offered for his sins, of his love for him, and of the promise of the Holy Spirit, by which his heart might be changed and made better. As soon as Dr. Milne thought him sufficiently instructed in the truth, and was persuaded, so far as man can know, of the sincerity of his love to Christ, he baptized him, and with much joy, as he was the first Chinese whom he had seen become a Christian.

For four years Leang Afa continued at Malacca with Dr. Milne; and during this time he seems to have lived peacefully and happily. At length, desiring to see his family and friends once more, he returned to Canton. When he saw them all given to idolatry, worshipping gods and goddesses who could not help them, and burning incense to them, as he formerly did, he pitied them, and endeavoured to teach them better.

In China, it is the custom to endeavour to instruct others by writing, rather than by speaking. Accordingly, Leang Afa wrote a little book upon the way of salvation, in the Chinese language, and was going to print it, when suddenly the policemen entered his house, carried Afa off to prison, and took the books and blocks, which are the things used for printing, to the public courts, where they were all destroyed. When Dr. Morri-

son heard that Afa was in prison, he made great efforts to get him released; which he at last effected, by the payment of a sum of money. Before the magistrates set him at liberty, however, they caused him to be beaten dreadfully.

It is against the law in China, for people to be instructed in Christianity. Edicts are constantly published in the Emperor's name, threatening death, imprisonment, and exile, to any who shall be guilty of printing Christian books, and teaching or baptizing the people. In one of these, the Chinese Emperor says: "When once a notion of ascending to heaven enters the mind, men are regardless of death." That is true; did not our Saviour say, "Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul?" Thus thought Leang Afa, and neither punishment nor the fear of death turned away his heart from following Christ. After he had got out of prison, he went to Malacca, to Dr. Milne, with whom he remained until his death, after which he again returned to Canton, to be with Dr. Morrison. It would have been more safe and pleasant for Leang Afa to remain at Malacca; but there was no person there to instruct him in the faith of Christ, so he boldly returned to Canton. For several years he studied the Scriptures diligently, for it was his earnest wish to be himself a minister of the gospel, that he might preach it to his countrymen. In the meanwhile, he did not forget his own family, using every means to

persuade them to become Christians. His wife was taught to believe in Christ, and his little children were brought up in the fear of his name.

After Leang Afa was ordained to be a minister, his anxiety and earnestness for the spread of the gospel increased. He seems to have been afraid of nothing, but distributed his books every where, and taught and exhorted the people on all occasions. Such a proceeding did not long escape the notice of the government, and once more Afa was seized and put into prison, and once more he was set at liberty by means of the English.

And where is Afa now? I cannot tell whether he is yet alive, but I know that nineteen years after he became a Christian, he still lived, an anxious and devoted minister of the gospel amongst his pagan countrymen. Long after both the English missionaries, by whom he had been instructed, were laid in their graves, in that far distant land, Leang Afa still faithfully persevered in his Christian calling. I know, too, that he had a little son, whose name was Leang-tsin-tih, which means, "entering on virtue:" this little son was baptized a Christian, and it was his father's earnest wish that he, like himself, should live to preach the gospel amongst the Chinese. Perhaps, if it should please God to grant his wish, we may yet hear of Leang-tsin-tih.

There is a prophecy in the book of Isaiah, which says, "Behold, these shall come from

far ; and lo, these from the north, and from the west, and these from the land of Sinim," (Isaiah xlix. 12.) It is thought that Sinim here is another name for China. Doubtless the time will come, when China, now shut out from all the rest of the world, and where the foot of a stranger is scarcely allowed to tread, will listen to the preaching of the gospel : for the kingdom of Christ shall fill the whole world, as is prophesied in Daniel xi. 44, 45, and in many other parts of the Bible. Meanwhile, blessed are they who, like Leang Afa, have been chosen by the Lord, to spread amongst their heathen countrymen, the first knowledge of those good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people ; blessed are they in the midst of trouble, danger, and persecution, for "there is laid up for them a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give them at that day, and not unto them only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

HEATHEN SUPERSTITIONS.

It was a rainy, windy evening, late in autumn; a sudden gust, which howled through the old elms in the garden, shook the window of the little parlour, bright with the light of fire and lamp, where Jane's mamma was sitting at a small table, busily writing. "How high the wind is," she observed, as the long deep blast died mournfully away among the trees; but as no one replied, she looked up and saw Jane's eyes fixed on an unsnuffed candle, which stood near her. "The snuffers are on the piano, Jane," she said, and being in haste to finish her letter, she again looked down on the paper, and continued writing. Jane got up and fetched the snuffers. Again, there ensued a deep silence, and Jane's mamma, thinking her little girl might be afraid of the storm, which had now become very violent, put away her letter and took her work, with the intention of talking to Jane and amusing her.

Jane set two or three more stitches, in her work, but every now and then she cast an anxious and half-frightened glance towards

the candle. Her mamma thought she was looking towards the window.

"Are you afraid of the wind, Jane?"

"No, mamma," said Jane, with a solemn countenance, "it is *not* the wind."

"*Not* the wind! why, what is it then?"

"Now, Jane would like to have said, Nothing, mamma; but she had been taught that to reply, "nothing was the matter," when she knew that there was something, was untrue, and, therefore, extremely wrong. In the present instance, she had a great objection to tell her mamma what really was the matter, and so she did not know what answer to make. Her mamma was obliged to ask again and again, and at last, she pointed to the candle.

"Well," said her mamma, "you are not afraid of the candle because it wants snuffing, are you?"

"No, not for *that*," said Jane.

"Then, for *what*, my love?"

"I would rather not tell you, mamma."

Her mamma, however, insisted upon knowing, and after some further hesitation and reluctance, Jane pointed out what she called a "winding-sheet" in the candle.

"Am I to understand, Jane, that you think that the tallow having melted in that manner from the candle, is a sign that either you or I are going to die?"

"No, mamma, not exactly, only that I heard Hannah say, that there was a winding-sheet in your rushlight, every night, for

three nights, before little Eustace died." And Jane looked as if she thought this information would produce its due effect upon her mamma.

"And was the winding-sheet in the rush-light, the cause that we lost our dear little boy, my love?"

"No, not the cause, mamma, only the sign that he was going to die."

"Who sent the sign, my dear? do you think that it was God?"

"Jane could not say that she thought it was."

"Then what could it have to do with his death?"

"But people *do* believe in those sort of things, mamma?"

"What sort of things, Jane?"

"Why things that are lucky and unlucky, and good and bad, without any particular reason. Maria has got a halfpenny that she takes great care of, and has kept a long time, because it has a hole in it, and somebody told her it would make her lucky; and, mamma, I have often and often heard people say, that Friday is a very unlucky day, and that if you begin any thing on that day, it will not succeed."

"To believe those sort of things, my dear, is to follow the example of the heathen, who believe that the devil has a control over their affairs. They are all heathen superstitions. If you were a little older, I could explain to you how they originated, especially that

which concerns Friday. There is no such thing as chance, good luck, or ill luck. Every thing in this world is governed by God, and it is very wicked to ascribe his power to any thing else; it is, in fact, like heathen idolatry. When our ancestors were savages and idolaters, they invented many of those foolish superstitions, which have been repeated from one person to another, even until the present time; but it is excessively wrong and foolish for us, who are Christians, and who know that every thing in this world is ordered by God, to listen to them for a moment. I remember an anecdote I once read in the Journal of Mr. Cooper, who was missionary at Severndroog, in India.

“A merchant from the Bazaar, a native Hindoo, called upon him one day, and after they had talked together for some time, Mr. Cooper made him a present of one of the gospels, and he took his leave. Just however, as he was going out, Mr. Cooper, who happened to want his servant, rung a small hand-bell, which lay on the table. Bells are used among the Hindoos, almost exclusively in their temples, connected with some act of incantation or worship. The poor Hindoo, who had no idea of the meaning of the bell, or what Mr. Cooper rung it for, took it into his head, that he was bewitched, and that his having received the book from Mr. Cooper, under such circumstances, would be productive of some dreadful evil. He went home in great terror, called his friends, and

told them what had happened; they were all equally frightened, and no one knew what was to be done—at last, after some conversation, they agreed to go to a Hindoo, who lived with Mr. Cooper, and consult with him, as being more likely to understand English incantations, and the means of averting them, than they did. Accordingly to this servant they went, and detailed to him with much solemnity the whole affair. He, after laughing heartily at their fears, explained the dreadful mystery of the ringing of the bell, and sent them away.”

Jane laughed too, and said she thought they were very silly.

“But, Jane, you know, we expect and believe, that a time will come, when there shall no longer be any heathen in India, when ‘the kingdoms of this world shall have become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ;’ but now, suppose when that glorious time is come, and the Hindoos shall be all Christians, knowing and worshipping the true God, that some people should still have a superstition, that if any person happened to hear a bell ring, at the time a Bible was made a present to them, it was very unlucky, and foreboded some evil to them?”

“It would be very foolish, mamma,” said Jane.

“It would be worse than very foolish, it would be very wicked; the poor ignorant Hindoo, who went to Mr. Cooper, might believe in magic and enchantment, but Chris-

tians ought to know better, and *do* know better, if they understand the Bible."

"Did those things come from India, mamma, that Mrs. S—— showed to you a little while ago, when she spent the day here? I remember she said that the natives fancied, that wearing them would protect them from all harm."

"No, they are called *gregrees*, or charms; they are brought from Africa. The Africans are extremely superstitious, and may be said to live in constant dread of the devil, who, they say, lives in 'the bush,' that is, the large thick woods which abound in their country, and often surround their villages, and they are constantly afraid that he will come out and hurt them."

For the sake of showing the Africans their folly, a missionary once obtained a *gregree*, and fixing it upon a tree, he shot at it; the ball went right through, and lodged in the tree. 'Now look,' said he, taking it down and showing the great hole which the ball had made, 'your *gregree* has neither been able to protect itself or the tree.'"

"Well, then, mamma, they must have been quite convinced, it was of no use."

"Not at all, Jane; they had an answer quite ready: '*gregrees*,' they said, 'were no protection against *white man*, but only against *black man*.'"

"But could not they have shot through it themselves, mamma?"

“Certainly; but they did not choose to try.”

“I heard Maria reading to you something about an offering to the devil, out of that new book, ‘A Voyage down the Gambia.’ Will you tell me what it was?”

“One night, the English traveller who was sleeping in his boat, at a little distance from the shore, was awakened by the dreadful howling of the wild beasts. In the deep silence of the night, the noise sounded very frightful; and the Englishman lay awake listening to it, and considering how very narrow the river was across, just at this place, and how extremely hungry they must be to howl in that loud and ferocious manner. He called a black man, who was in the boat with him, whose looks, when he came near, showed the terror which he felt. The Englishman began to speak to him about it, when he found out, it was not the wild beasts he was afraid of, but the devil, who, he assured the traveller, remained constantly in a part of the river close to where they were. The Englishman, of course, smiled at his fears; but he was assured that no one passed by there without giving something to the devil, in order that they might be safe during the remainder of the voyage. Sometimes they throw a few leaves of tobacco into the river, believing that he picks them up when they have passed.”

“It is very shocking, mamma, that they

should think of such things. But there are missionaries in Africa now, who will teach them better, will they not?"

"We trust so, my dear; for the poor Africans may truly be said to be in bondage to Satan. But the number of missionaries is far too small, considering the vast extent of country, and the thousands of people."

"Then why do not more go?"

"Because it is very expensive, and they have not sufficient money. It is for that reason we subscribe to missionary societies."

"Do any other people wear charms, except the Africans?"

"Yes, the Egyptians—particularly against the 'evil eye.'"

"The 'evil eye,' mamma—what is that?"

"Have you never read of it in the Bible?"

"No."

"Oh, yes, you have; only you forget it, or perhaps did not pay attention to what you read."

Jane's mamma took her little Bible out of her work basket, and she found the twentieth chapter of St. Matthew, and, giving it to Jane, she said, "Now read the chapter to yourself, and see if you cannot find out what the 'evil eye' means."

Jane read the chapter, but not with sufficient patience, so she was not successful. Her mamma then asked her the meaning of the fifteenth verse.

"The Lord of the vineyard asking the men who had worked for him, whether they were

displeased because he was kind to their fellow labourers."

"To be displeased because others are prosperous, is to be envious; 'the evil eye' means envy. It is spoken of in Prov. xxviii. 22."

"But I do not see," said Jane, "why people should wear charms against that."

"Because they suppose, that if one person is envious of another, and looks at him with an envious eye, he does him an injury. Who do you think is the person injured?"

"No one, mamma."

"Yes, Jane, the person who indulges in such a sin, does an injury, not to the person whom he envies, but to himself. Envy is called in the Bible, 'the rottenness of the bones;' it is a great sin in the sight of God, and makes the person who commits it truly miserable, as indeed all sin does, more or less. But it is a vain superstition to suppose it hurts any one but ourselves."

"Are the Egyptians idolaters, mamma, like the Africans, and do they wear the same sort of charms?"

"The Egyptians are Mahommedans. They have various kinds of charms; one consists of pieces of money of small value, called cowries, which they hang about their dress. I should think it very likely that the superstition concerning lucky halfpennies, as they are called, is derived from this custom."

"I will tell Maria what you have said to me, mamma, and get her to give away her halfpenny."

“I hope you will profit by what I have said, yourself—that you will compassionate the ignorance and blindness of the heathen, and consider yourself bound all your life to give your prayers and your help, if it be but a mite, towards their instruction; and I hope our conversation will assist in enabling you, with the help of God, to remember that great lesson for which you have need, every day, every hour of your life, which is, that every thing, however trifling, is ordered and governed by God.

Jane looked at a pretty nosegay of late autumn flowers, which stood upon the table. “Yes, mamma,” she said, “when I brought you in that nosegay out of the garden this morning, you reminded me of the text, in which Jesus says, ‘consider the lilies,’ and you told me that our Saviour teaches us to look at the beautiful flowers, and remember that it is God who hath made them so lovely, and that we are far more precious in his sight than they are, and that he will take infinitely more care of us.”

“And he does take care of us, my child. When I was a little girl I knew nothing of the love of Christ towards his people; I did not think of him, as the shepherd of his flock, who carries the young lambs in his bosom. But I had heard of angels, and I used to wish I had one of those glorious beings always by my side, to tell me what was right, and to warn me when I was going to do wrong; but the presence of Christ is far,

far more than this to his people. His word and his Spirit teach us what is pleasing to him; and the constant remembrance of his presence, is the greatest encouragement and consolation they can have, for they know that he is all-powerful to protect them, and if they could ever be tempted to fear that he does not notice the little trials of their daily life, they may answer their anxious hearts, and set to rest their unbelieving thoughts, with their Saviour's most gracious and blessed words, 'even the very hairs of your head are all numbered.' "

THE ALPINE SCHOOL.

I THINK I see a little family party, sitting round the fireside on a cold winter's night: the trees are all bare of leaves, and the ground is covered with snow; dark thick clouds shut out the light of the moon and stars, the wind blows loud, and the storm of mingled sleet and rain, rattles against the window panes; but are they the less cheerful? No; nor is there any reason why they should be, except when they think of those who may be less happy than themselves; of the sailor, the traveller, and the houseless beggar, exposed to all the fury of the tempest; but it does not hurt *them*; under the shelter of their happy and comfortable home, what need they care for the wind, the snow, or the rain?

My little children, doubtless, you remember many such an evening; then understand, such is the situation in this world, of those who love God, and are His servants; they enjoy in their own hearts, a peace, a happiness, a comfort, which nothing that hap-

pens to them can deprive them of, any more than the storms and winds of winter can, make you unhappy when you sit by your own cheerful fireside, in your own dear home.

I am going to give you some account of a person who was very happy, although he had scarcely any thing in this world to make him so, except this peace of God; but that you may understand that portion of his life which I am going to relate to you, I must first give you some account of himself, and the people amongst whom he lived.

In the south of France, among the mountains of the High Alps, there live a race of Christian people; they have been Christians from the earliest ages of Christianity, and being persecuted on account of their religion, they fled to the mountains to be out of the reach of the wicked men, who wished either to destroy them, or oblige them to give up the worship of God. They however refused, they would not give up their Bibles; they would not cease to serve God. They had left their homes in the pleasant and sunny valleys, and gone to live among the solitudes of the Alps, where they were surrounded by ice and snow, nearly all the year, and were scarcely able to find food to eat, or to build huts to shelter themselves. Even to this miserable place their enemies followed them; burnt their cottages, murdered their children, and tried all means to destroy every human being belonging to them. But it was not the

will of God that it should be so ; when their persecutors came, the Christians buried their Bibles in the ground, and hid themselves and their children in the caves among the rocks ; and as soon as they were gone, (for it did not suit them to remain long in that frozen and desolated region) the people came out again, and returned to their villages. These things happened about six hundred years ago, and from that time, almost until the present, their descendants have lived in the same place, sometimes left in peace, and sometimes enduring the most frightful sufferings, when their cruel enemies surmounted the precipices of ice, and mountains of snow, amongst which they had contrived to conceal their dwellings. Yet, though the Christians continued faithful, as they were allowed no minister to instruct them, they became in the process of time extremely ignorant, and knew but little of that Saviour, for whose sake, their ancestors had been willing to give up their lives. Their churches, all but one, had been destroyed, and their teachers removed ; yet still they met together sometimes to pray and read the Bible, and when at last, after many hundred years, it pleased God, once more to send them a minister, they received him with great joy and gladness : the name of this minister was Felix Neff. He was greatly beloved among them, and God blessed his labours, for every year during the short time he lived, the people increased in knowledge, in faith, and in love

towards their Saviour. Grateful, indeed, they were to their good, kind pastor, who had left his own country to live amongst them, and teach them the gospel of Jesus. Nor were they ever weary of listening to him; often and often, after a day of hard labour, would they assemble together in a barn or stable, to listen to his instructions. These people were poor, and could hardly earn themselves food, much less luxuries, and their beloved pastor lived as they did, sharing their coarse meals and humble lodging. At their evening meetings, a table and a chair were placed for him, and the rest of the people sat round on forms placed before the mangers of the cattle. One or two lamps hung by a string, lighted the place, and there they sat during the long winter evenings, the women knitting and listening to the words of their dear minister, and all joining in prayers, and hymns of joy, praise, and thanksgiving to God. So much was he beloved, that when he was expected any where, the children were stationed on the high places of the mountains, to watch till he came in sight, and as soon as he was perceived, a large company of the villagers descended the rocks to meet him. Now you must understand, that this was attended with great fatigue and danger, so their pastor used to beckon to them to remain where they were, until he came up to them. "No," said they, "it is not often we have the enjoyment of walking with you, and we value

it too much to lose it." Then they talked together on the way back, about the kingdom of God, according as we are commanded to do in the Bible, for it is written, "and these words that I command thee shall be in thy heart, and thou shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way."

I have told you that the people were very ignorant; they could neither read nor write, nor even speak with correctness; their pastor felt that the intense cold and other hardships to which he was exposed, and to which he was not accustomed, as they were, nor able to bear, would soon occasion his death; and then he grieved to think there would no longer be any one to teach his poor Alpines, so he thought of the plan of forming a winter school, assembling the cleverest and most industrious of the young people, and devoting the winter to their instruction, hoping that they would be thus enabled to teach the others when he was gone.

During the long winters among those mountains, people cannot go out of doors to their work, they cannot even travel from one village to another, but are obliged to remain in their own, shut up amidst ice and snow, and having scarcely any daylight, and long, long nights. Neff having assembled his small party, fixed his residence for the winter at one of the villages, the highest among the mountains, called Dormilleuse. He next laid

up a store of food for the winter, which consisted of salted meat and rye bread; our bread, you know, is baked every day, and is always soft and nice, but the corn of which it is made will not grow in that cold place, and they are obliged to have rye bread, which is black and hard, because the rye will not keep like the corn, but must be used directly it is ripe, so that all their bread is baked in the autumn to last through the winter, and becomes so hard that it is obliged to be chopped up with a hatchet when it is eaten. Such was their food; as for their lodging, it was not more agreeable; Neff tells us, that his school was sometimes kept in a stable, and they had great difficulty to prevent the kids and fowls from tearing the copy books to pieces. He did not think of his own comfort, but only of the good he could do to others; his living in such a place, was just as if your minister should go and live in some damp and dirty cottage amongst the poor people all the winter, that he might have an opportunity of instructing them; where Neff lived, they were all poor people and no rich ones, and he went there solely for the purpose of teaching them, in order that they might become better and happier.

The first thing Neff did, was to construct a room where he might be out of the noise of the cattle, and the interruptions of the chickens. This being done with much labour and fatigue, he began the kind occupation of

teaching those who he hoped might be able to instruct others, when he should be dead. There are some little children who hate the sight of a book, and always cry over their lessons; but if you wish to be useful when you grow up, you must not be ignorant. A great many of the flowers in our gardens once grew wild in the fields and under the hedges; but when they were taken from thence, and planted in the garden, watered, cultivated, and attended to, then they became much more beautiful. What child would not rather have a bunch of double garden violets, than the pale and scentless ones which she finds in the lanes? And would there not be great surprise, if a little girl brought home a nosegay of sweet peas, red roses, and jessamine, which she found growing wild in the hedges? Yes, for these flowers only grow with care and cultivation. So it is with you; and if you would wish to be a garden flower, instead of a field one, you must cultivate your mind, and try to learn every thing that is necessary and good for you to know.

Neff was a truly faithful minister of Christ. He loved him, with all his heart, and thought nothing worth knowing or loving in comparison with him; yet you see he was anxious to instruct these people, for he knew that without knowledge they could not be useful to others. They divided the day into three parts; the first, from sunrise to eleven, when they breakfasted; the second, from noon to sunset, when they supped; the third, from

sunset till ten or eleven o'clock at night; making altogether, fifteen hours out of the twenty-four. First, they had to learn the language, for they spoke a dialect which was difficult to be understood. It was a far harder task to them to learn, than it is to you; but so anxious were they to be useful, that they submitted to it with pleasure. They were so very ignorant, that it was extremely difficult for them to comprehend the simplest things they were taught. They had to learn grammar, but they did not know what nouns, verbs, or adjectives meant; and their patient and gentle teacher was a long time before he could make them understand. They had words to learn to spell, with meanings to them, like you have, but they did not understand either words or meanings, and so he had to invent others, which might be more easy to them.

These, as being their most difficult studies, formed their mornings' occupation. After dinner, they studied geography. They were much delighted with the sight of maps, which were quite new to them. Their good pastor also told them, that the earth was round—described to them how it moved round the sun, and was itself a beautiful star to the other stars; for when the sun shines upon our earth, it would appear to the inhabitants of the moon, if there are any, like a magnificent moon thirteen times larger than our own. It was rather difficult for Neff to explain these things to the Alpines. He had no globes,

such as we have; so instead of them, he made use of balls of wood, and of large potatoes, hollowed out, with a candle to represent the sun. He then taught them what a large place the world is, and of how many different nations it is composed; how few of them are Christians, and spoke to them of the missionaries who went forth to teach the heathen. Now, these people were, as I have told you before, very poor; but when they heard these things, they determined to subscribe, if it were ever so little, to help the missionaries; and they soon had a missionary society of their own. It was but a little they could give, but that does not matter: Christ said that a cup of cold water, which was given in his name, that is, out of love to him, shall be blessed to the person who gives it.

When they had learned to read, they could not afford to buy books, so they agreed together to go without some things which were necessary to them, (for as to luxuries they had none,) in order to lay by a little money. One family gave up their pig, another went without salt; and thus, in time, they were able to purchase books.

Lessons in music formed their evenings' amusement. "But," says my little reader, "what did they want to learn music for?" They wanted to learn it for a purpose, for which it is truly valuable, to sing the praises of God: and often did the hymn of joy and praise sound cheerfully in that little dwelling, amidst the midnight solitudes of the mighty

Alps. And were they not happy? Yes, my little friends, indeed they were. The active, useful, and industrious life of those who love and serve God, must be happy, wherever and in whatever occupations it is passed. You remember what I said to you at the beginning of this story. Those who have peace within, in their own hearts, need not be afraid of difficulties or troubles without.

Thus the winter passed away; and when the opening spring summoned them again to their field labours, the pastor had the happiness of finding that the laborious months he had passed in that dreary and desolate village, cut off by winter barriers of ice and snow from all the rest of the world, had not been spent in vain. Two young women had learned sufficient to be able to assist in a Sunday School, which was established in their village. And when the other young people, who had been collected by Neff from the different villages among the mountains, returned to their homes, several of them, under his direction, established Sunday Schools. Anxious to consecrate their knowledge to the glory of God, and the good of their fellow-creatures, they occupied themselves in endeavouring to communicate to others the instructions they themselves had received, and, above all, the precious knowledge of their Saviour.

Thus was the winter school at Dormileuse blessed, not only to themselves, but to the many hundreds whom they, in their turn,

taught. You see what a good purpose they put their knowledge to! The object of every thing we learn in this world ought to be, to make us useful in some manner or another. If I asked you, which were the most industrious among insects, I dare say you would tell me the ant, or the "little busy bee;" but why do we admire them so much? the birds, the flies, the spiders, all find their own food, and provide for themselves from day to day. "Ah," but you say, "the ant and the bee lay up food in store for the long cold winter!" Yes, but there is also another reason why we should admire them—*they help one another!* A little girl was once watching a path in the garden, where a number of ants lived. She saw one of them trying to drag something to the opening which led to their nest; upon looking closer, she saw it was the dead body of an earwig; but it was too heavy for him—he could not manage it; so he went and fetched another ant, and together they dragged the earwig to the hole, and threw it down. Down ran the first ant after it, and his companion who had helped him went away. Independently of the kindness of the one ant in helping the other, you do not suppose that the ant who carried down the earwig, wished to eat it all himself? No; he intended, no doubt to add it to the common store. The same may be said of the bee, who is about all day gathering honey—she carries it home to the rest in the hive. When you hear of the prudent ant,

and little busy bee, I hope you will remember, it is our duty to be industrious for others as well as for ourselves, and that others ought to be benefitted by all the knowledge which we possess. Such is the law of Christ; it is written, "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others."

The time was now come when this little company were obliged to part, and very sorry they were: nor were the inhabitants of Dormilleuse, the village where they had been staying, less sorry to part with them. They would no longer be able to worship God with them, or listen to their sweet evening hymns, cheering their dreary mountains; the beloved and welcome guests were all about to take their departure. On the evening before they went, the people of the village prepared a farewell supper. It was very simple; a chamois, a marmot, a bear's ham, formed all the delicacies which could be contributed in honour of the last evening. But it is said in the book of Proverbs, "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith;" and there was plenty of love among this humble circle. One of the party remarked, that their meeting was indeed a delightful one, but it was not likely they would ever all assemble together again. Their pastor heard the remark, and he took occasion to remind them, that though they should never see each other again in this world, if they loved the Lord

Jesus Christ, and continued faithful in his service, they would be sure to meet again in His glorious mansions in heaven. He then gave them his parting blessing, and after many kind and affectionate good-byes, they all separated. Early next morning they began to descend the mountains, and each took his way to his own home ; there always to use, it is to be hoped, for the benefit of others, the knowledge and instruction which the devoted zeal of Neff had imparted to them.

JERUSALEM.

“BEAUTIFUL for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion, on the sides of the north, the city of the great king;” thus spoke king David, in describing his beloved city. Jeremiah tells us, it was called “the perfection of beauty.” “Put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city,” saith the prophet Isaiah. In the time of captivity, suffering, and sorrow, the eyes of the Jews turned ever towards this fair city, in whose temple the Lord had condescended, “to put his name,” and where the shining cloud which betokened His presence had appeared. No doubt you have read of the persecution endured by Daniel, because he refused to leave off praying to God; and do you not remember that on those occasions, when he prayed, the windows of his chamber were open towards Jerusalem? During the time of their long captivity in Babylon, the Jews never forgot their beautiful country, but always looked forward with delight to the time, when God should suffer them to



MODERN JERUSALEM, FROM THE EAST.



return to it. Among the Psalms there is one, which describes how they used to sit down by the rivers of Babylon and weep, when they thought of Jerusalem, from which they were so far distant; it is Psalm cxxxvii; if you read it, you will see how much they loved their own city. But, alas! of that Jerusalem "not one stone remains standing upon another:" every building has been thrown down, and the foundations even ploughed up, and the land is lying, as God declared it should, for many ages, barren and desolate. Some hundred years after the taking of Jerusalem, a very great but wicked prince,* who knew the prophecies concerning the destruction of the Temple, thought he would prove they were wrong, by causing it to be rebuilt by the Jews; and he, therefore, being a mighty and powerful sovereign, made many attempts, to fulfil his impious wishes: but they were all of course utterly vain, for how can man act contrary to the will of God? and if God has declared that a thing *shall not* be, is it for a contemptible creature like man, to say it *shall*? Every trial they made was defeated; sometimes in one way and sometimes in another. Upon one occasion, terrible balls of fire, burst out of the earth, destroying and dispersing the workmen.

But why have all the calamities, which the Jews have endured, for more than eighteen

* Julian the Apostate.

hundred years, and are still enduring even now, fallen upon them? Because they rejected Christ, disobeyed God, and drew down upon themselves his anger.

After the lapse of many years, God permitted a town to be built near where Jerusalem stood. It was called by the same name, but it was neither built nor inhabited by the Jews; the few who do live there, have always been exposed to greater tyranny and oppression, than any where else; for the city is possessed by the followers of the false prophet Mahomet, who hate the Jews with a peculiar hatred, call them "Jew dogs," and treat them with every sort of cruelty and injustice. Some English and American missionaries have gone to Jerusalem, and have given a very sad account of the sufferings of the Jews there; fulfilling exactly the prophecy of Moses, Deut. xxviii. 33. "The fruit of thy land, and all thy labours, shall a nation which thou knowest not, eat up; and thou shalt be only oppressed, and crushed alway:" and they are indeed crushed; so much so, that Jerusalem has been called the "prison house" of the Jews. Sometimes they are stopped in the streets and kicked, and beaten by the Turks; if the Turks happen to want the mules they are riding on, they take them away: once a Jew, a friend of an English missionary, as he was on his way to see him, was seized by some Turkish soldiers, who were going to yoke him and another Jew to some heavy cannons they

were drawing towards Bethlehem, but he contrived to escape.

It is said in the prophecy of Moses, which I have before spoken of, that when all these things came upon the Jews, men should remember that it was for their disobedience, and should say, "because they have forsaken the covenant of the Lord God of their fathers, the anger of the Lord was kindled against this land, to bring upon it all the curses that are written in this book: and the Lord rooted them out of their land in anger, and in wrath, and in great indignation, and cast them into another land, as it is this day."

Are you sure that you are really a Christian, and the obedient child of God? If not, a destruction as dreadful as that which fell upon the Jews, is hanging over you. Suppose you lived in a splendid house, filled with all sorts of magnificence, and that you had every thing which riches can procure, or the world can give, to make you satisfied, except, that in one corner of your house, there dwelt a fierce enemy, who might rise up any moment and destroy you; could you be happy? No; you would forget all your pleasures, all your enjoyments, and think of nothing but the possibility of being instantly destroyed. Such an enemy is sin: if your sin is not forgiven by God, for Christ's sake, and taken away, it will, one day, destroy you. Sin, is called in the Bible, disease, because it causes the death of the soul,

as diseases cause the death of the body. But are we as anxious to get rid of it, as you would be to get your enemy out of your house? No; we are occupied with other things, and it lies concealed, without our knowing or caring any thing at all about it; yet this is a very sad and dangerous state to be in, for sudden destruction may come upon us any moment.

To give you a better idea of the present situation of the Jews, in Jerusalem, and the manner in which they are treated, I will relate you a story, extracted from the letters of an English clergyman, the Rev. W. Lewis, who resided there some time.

There was a Rabbi, of the name of Mendel, who lived at Jerusalem; he was a mild and quiet old man; very learned, and high in rank amongst the Jews there. One night after he was gone to bed, he heard a loud knocking outside his room door. As it was very late, he thought it must be some thieves who had broken into the house, so he lay still and listened. Presently, the door was burst open, and in rushed a large party of soldiers. They ran up to the bed, seized the Rabbi, and began to ill-treat him. The poor old man in vain demanded the cause of this outrage, for they could not understand his language, nor was he able to speak theirs, which was Arabic. The rest of the family, however, roused by the disturbance, were soon collected in his room, and a young Jew, amongst them, being able to speak

Arabic, managed to ascertain what was the reason of this uproar. And what do you think it was? The street door had been left open! The soldiers then took the young man, who could speak Arabic, and conducted him to their governor, who was waiting in the passage below. The governor demanded of him why the door was left open? The young man replied, that they had had company, and he supposed that one of the visitors had gone out, and forgotten to shut the outer door. With this account the governor of the soldiers seemed satisfied, and they all went away and left the unfortunate Jews to go to bed again."

"In that country, when the street door is left open at night, people are made to pay a few pence as a fine, and this the Rabbi expected to be obliged to do. Instead of this, however, next morning, the soldiers again appeared, and taking both the Rabbi and the young man, set off with them for the palace. On their way, they were joined by two other Jews, also under a guard of soldiers, charged with the same crime, that of leaving their outer door open; but, in this case, the accusation was untrue.

"When they were brought before the governor, they attempted to make a defence, but in vain. The governor declared that he heard the old Rabbi Mendel say, that he had a firman, (a written protection from the Sultan,) and was not afraid of the governor. Upon this, he was assured that the Rabbi

could not speak one word of Arabie. Instead of being ashamed of the falsehood he had invented, he flew into a violent passion, and asked whether they meant to charge him with telling a lie! Certainly they did, but they did not dare say so. They were, therefore, obliged to be silent; and, after a short time, were desired to go away. This they were glad enough to do, and lost no time in complying with the command. But alas! they soon found they were not to be permitted to go home, but were led into another room, and ordered from one chamber to another, until they found themselves at one of the dungeons. Here they were shut up in darkness, and told that they must pay the governor ten purses, a very large sum of money; and that unless the money was forthcoming immediately, or on the next day, hot irons should be applied to their heads, and sharp nails driven through the palms of their hands, a wicked manner of torturing the Jews, which was often used by the 'Turks, when they wanted to get money from them.

“The other Jews in the city soon heard of the distressed state of their imprisoned brethren: but what could they do? They were poor themselves; and even if they all joined together, they could not have paid the immense sum of money which was demanded; still they could not leave their friends to suffer such dreadful torture. They went to the governor, and succeeded in persuading him to take four purses and a half, much less than

he had at first asked, but still a large sum for them to pay, equal to £60* of our money; and to collect it, some of them were obliged even to sell their clothes. As soon as they got enough, they brought it to the wicked governor, and the four prisoners who had been so unjustly confined were set at liberty, and allowed to return to their own homes."

Such is the manner in which the Jews are treated at Jerusalem. It is the fulfilment of the word which God spake by Moses, that if they rebelled against him, they should be "only oppressed, and crushed alway:" so that they may indeed say, in the words of the prophet, "our holy and beautiful house, where our fathers praised thee, is burned up with fire, and all our pleasant things are laid waste."

There is a lesson which we should learn from the affliction which has fallen upon them; and in the tenth chapter of Romans, Paul, after speaking of what happened to them, tells us, "not to be high minded but fear, and that if God spared not them, his own people, neither will he spare us."

We should remember that although all these punishments have fallen upon them, we may be equally guilty. There was once a tower in Siloam, in the land of Judea, which fell to the ground and crushed eighteen people in its ruins. This happened during the time our Saviour was upon earth, and in

* About two hundred and seventy dollars.

speaking of it, he asked the people, if they thought these eighteen people were greater sinners than others. He then told them they were not, but unless they repented, they also should perish. Neither must we think that the Jews are greater sinners than ourselves, or that the wrath of God will not equally fall upon us if we are disobedient to him, and reject the grace of Christ.

The day will come when the Jews shall return to their own country, for God has declared that such is his purpose concerning them. It is written in the Bible, and the prophecy will surely be fulfilled; "At the same time, saith the Lord, will I be the God of all the families of Israel, and they shall be my people.....There is hope in thine end, that thy children shall come again to thine own border.....And I will cause the captivity of Judah, and the captivity of Israel to return, and I will build them as at the first.....Thus saith the Lord; Again, there shall be heard in this place, which ye say shall be desolate, without man and without beast, even in the cities of Judah, and in the streets of Jerusalem, that are desolate, without man and without inhabitant, and without beast, the voice of joy, and the voice of gladness, the voice of the bridegroom, and the voice of the bride, the voice of them that shall say, Praise the Lord of Hosts: for the Lord is good; for his mercy endureth for ever; and of them that shall bring the sacrifice into the house of the Lord. For I will cause to return the

captivity of the land, as at the first, saith the Lord." "And I will bring again the captivity of my people Israel, and they shall build the waste cities, and inhabit them." These are two or three of the many glorious promises contained in the Bible, of the future restoration of the children of Israel. It is God only who can and will effect this; but we should pray for them, and send missionaries to teach them of Christ. They are our brethren in a peculiar sense; it is written, "the law shall go forth out of Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem." And the word of the Lord did come forth from Jerusalem; it was in Jerusalem that our Saviour lived and died for us; it was from thence that his disciples carried the good news to the other parts of the world. Jerusalem is no more; but the garden of Gethsemane, the Mount of Olives, the little brook Cedron, are all in, or near the place where once it stood: and though not "one stone remains standing upon another," of all its once splendid buildings, yet a few aged olives are left to mark the place where the garden of Gethsemane once was, and the brook Cedron still flows at the foot of the mountains. Whether we think of what Jerusalem was, in past times, or what it shall be hereafter, it is a spot which Christians as well as Jews have reason to love.

But have we not a Jerusalem of our own? Yes, a city whose builder and maker is God; and to which no earthly Jerusalem, however

beautiful, can be compared. This is the city described by the apostle, when he said, "he (that is, the angel,) carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and showed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God; and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal."

This is the city which Jesus spoke of when he said, "In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you." But who shall enter into that city? those who are the children of God, his servants who serve him; none others. There are many parables in which our Saviour speaks of entering into the kingdom of God, and he always speaks of those who are not *really* his people, but only so in name and appearance, as being "shut out, in outer darkness," and asking him for admittance in vain. "And there shall in no wise enter into it, any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life."

Jerusalem! thou blessed place,
How full of glory, full of grace!
Far, far beyond the starry skies,
Thy golden battlements arise.

Jerusalem! thy colours glow
Fairer than the heavenly bow,
Sapphire, topaz, emerald bright,
In glittering radiance all unite.

Can you not add the two next lines of that beautiful little hymn, and say,

Jerusalem! I long to see,
And live a happy child in thee!

But remember, it is only if you are a Christian, that you can look forward to that glorious place as your eternal home. The apostle who saw the vision of the Holy City, saw also its happy inhabitants, and the angel told him, they were those "who had washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

Happy indeed are all they who shall enter into that city! "For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

LITTLE ELLINOR'S PRAYER.

IT was a beautiful evening in spring, when Aunt Mary, who had gone up stairs to put little Ellinor to bed, stood for a few minutes at the open window, to give one more look at the distant hills, and to hear one more song from the birds, before she closed it for the night. "Lift me up aunt," said little Ellinor, "that I may see too!" So Aunt Mary lifted little Ellinor up, and set her upon the table. The sun was setting in the mist, and a soft hazy light was spread over the landscape. The garden was completely in shade, except where one slanting ray of light rested on the upper branches of the pear tree, which were covered with white blossoms, and the air felt soft and fresh, as it does on a fine evening in spring. Aunt Mary looked out of the window for some time, and then she said, "Ellinor, I am thinking of a verse of the hymn you learnt this morning:

"Oh God, how good, beyond compare,
If thus thy lower works are fair!
If thus thy bounties gild the span,
Of ruined earth, and fallen man;
How glorious shall that mansion be,
Where thy redeemed shall dwell with thee!"

"I know what you mean, aunt," said Ellinor; "you mean, that if this world is so beautiful, what will heaven be!"

"Yes, love; and in heaven there is neither sin, nor sorrow; every glorious being there loves God, and is perfectly happy. But there will come a time, when this world shall be very different from what it is now—when there shall be no heathen and no idols, but all the nations of the earth shall know the true God, and serve him only."

Little Ellinor was born in India, and lived there for the first years of her life; and though she had been some time in England, she had only just come to live with Aunt Mary. Aunt Mary loved her little niece, and tried to make her happy; but, above all, she was anxious that she should learn to love and to serve God. She had taught her that pretty little hymn, which says—

I was not born as thousands are,
Where God was never known,
And taught to pray a useless prayer,
To blocks of wood and stone.

And she now explained to her what the idols of the heathen were. When her aunt had done speaking, Ellinor said, "Do any of the people here worship idols?"

"Oh, no," said her aunt; "not here, but in distant places—such as Africa and India."

"Aunt," said Ellinor, with a thoughtful countenance, and looking up earnestly in her aunt's face, "does my papa worship idols?"

"No, my dear, not your papa, but the natives; can you recollect when you were in India, having a native woman to nurse and take care of you?"

"Oh, yes," said Ellinor, "and I loved her very dearly; does she worship idols?"

"I am not sure, but I think it is most probable, if she is a native, that she does."

"Oh, then, I hope some missionary will go and teach her better—are clergymen missionaries, aunt?"

"Yes," said her aunt, "who did not quite understand the meaning of this question."

"Then take me to-morrow to Mr. S——, that I may ask him to go and teach my poor *Ayah*," (child's nurse.)

"Oh, but Mr. S—— is not a missionary."

It was getting late, so aunt Mary shut the window; and she sat down upon the bed, and took Ellinor on her lap, and she said,

"My darling child, if you wish your nurse to be taught about God, and become a Christian, I will tell you what to do.

Pray to God, he can make your poor *Ayah* a Christian, and send a missionary to instruct her."

Then aunt Mary repeated some of the promises there are in the Bible, that God will answer prayer: Ellinor listened very attentively, and when she knelt down to pray, she asked God to grant that her *Ayah* might become a Christian.

Whilst she was being undressed, she went on talking to her aunt about the idols of the

heathen, and begging that she would tell her more about them. So when she was in bed, her aunt sat down by her, and tried to make her understand what a dreadful thing idolatry is, and what reason we have to be thankful that we have been taught better: and she told her that we ought to pray for the missionaries, and do all we can towards helping them to go.

"So I will," said Ellinor, "when I grow up to be a woman."

"But why not now?" said her aunt.

"Oh, because I can't; I have not any money, you know."

"Indeed! why I thought you showed me several shillings in a little box."

"Oh, yes; but if I were to give them all, it would be no good; they are not enough."

"You could give sufficient to do some good, without giving them all: but I will explain this to you, in giving you an account of an Hindoo idol called Juggernaut. This idol is a block of wood, having a frightful face painted black, with a great red mouth; he is one of the principal idols in India; he has a splendid temple, and in the month of June, there is a festival held in his honour. At this time the idol is taken out of his temple, and placed on a car, or tower, higher than a house, and drawn along on huge wheels, large in proportion. It is attended by thousands and thousands of people, whose shouts and yells resemble thunder, on account of the immense multitude. Dreadful to relate,

it is thought that the idol is pleased with human blood, and one or two people lie down before it, as it is coming along, to be crushed to death. As soon as the wheel passes over them, the people around, set up a shout of joy. I could tell you many other terrible things about it, but it would only frighten you, and now, how do you think this idol, on his great tower, is moved along?"

"On wheels, didn't you say," said Ellinor.

"Yes, but the wheels will not move of themselves, you know, they must be drawn along."

Ellinor supposed then it must be dragged on by elephants.

"No," said her aunt; "six very thick, strong robes, of a great length, are tied to it, by which the people themselves draw it along: men, women, and children, all help, and even little children, almost babies, are made to put their hands on the rope, and assist. Now, not the strongest man in all the world, could move the great tower of that frightful idol, no, not an inch; but a number of people draw it along easily, and even little children *can*, and *do* help. Just in the same way that they can help in a bad cause, they can help in a good one: as a number of people together, each exerting the little strength they possess, can move that great tower, so a number of people together, each giving a little money, can subscribe enough to send out missionaries to all

parts of the world; but this is done not by one, or two, or twenty, or a hundred, or even a thousand rich people, who each give a large sum; but by many thousands of people, including rich and poor, and even little children, who each give a very small sum. Do you understand me."

Ellinor thought she did. "Suppose the gardener had left the roller in a walk where you wished to play, you could not move it, could you?"

"No," said Ellinor.

"Then what would you do?"

"I should call Nora, and Bertha, and Maria to help; that's just what we did to-day."

"Yes, I saw you; but what would you have said if Maria had told you, it was of no use for her to come, as she could not move the roller?"

"I should have said, she could help."

"And so I say to you, every person who gives even a penny to a missionary society, helps.

"But, my dear child," said her aunt, "what I have said to you, only relates to giving money, which it is certainly our duty to do according to our means. But all the money in the world is of no use, without the blessing of God; the best assistance, therefore, that we can render to the missionaries, is to pray for them."

"But do not they pray for themselves?"

"Yes; but it is equally our duty to pray

for them. Paul, who was a great apostle, tells the Christians to pray for him, that God would enable him to preach the gospel to the heathen. When you pray, you ask God to bless your papa, and all your friends, and yourself; but we are told, in the Bible, we should pray for other people besides ourselves, and those whom we love. We ought to care for all people, and desire their good; and if we really desire it, of course we shall pray for it. I could tell you many stories from the Bible, as examples of this: of good men, who prayed to God for other persons, who were not their friends, and felt an interest for them, and wished for their happiness. There is nothing selfish in the religion of Christ; it teaches us not to think of ourselves, but of others, and to desire the welfare of others as much as our own. If you love Christ you must love your fellow-creatures, and try to make them happy, and be of use to them."

"I will pray for the missionaries, aunt," said Ellinor, "and I will give a penny a week, like little Ann did, to the missionary box; but how can I make any body happy?"

"I must remind you," said her aunt, "that you can do nothing without the help and blessing of God; but he has commanded you to be kind to others, and you must pray to him for the grace to be so. I will engage, that during the course of the day, to-morrow, you will find plenty of opportunities."

"Then Aunt Mary kissed her little girl, and

having tucked her up comfortably, she took her candle and went down stairs. Ellinor shut her eyes, thinking how kind she was going to be to every body to-morrow, and soon was fast asleep."

Ellinor was much younger than any of her cousins, so she slept in a little cot, in her aunt's bed-room. While she was getting dressed next morning, her aunt reminded her of the conversation they had had together the evening before; and when Ellinor prayed, she did not forget the missionaries and the heathen, nor her own intentions of being kind to those at home. The morning passed off very well—Ellinor was in a very good humour with herself, and did every thing that was kind and obliging to her cousins. The lessons were all finished, except the reading, and she brought her book and sat down by her aunt to read, with a smiling countenance. It however unfortunately happened, that she mistook two long old-fashioned ss's for ff's, and, in consequence, instead of the word "Russians," she said "Ruffians;" at which ridiculous mistake, Maria, who was sitting by, was much amused. Now Ellinor could not bear to be laughed at—nothing made her more angry, and all her good humour vanished with Maria's smiles. She read very badly, because she was thinking how wrong it was in Maria to behave to her in that manner. Her aunt was displeased with her inattention, and Ellinor got more and more cross; at last, she began to be of opinion that the

author had put all the hard words he could possibly think of, into that very chapter, on purpose to teaze her, and by the time she had finished, she was completely out of temper with herself, and every body else. The little girls went out for a walk, but Ellinor had scarcely any thing to say. After dinner, they each went to their several amusements. Maria wanted Ellinor to play with her, but she was busy reading. A little while after, Bertha asked her to hold a skein of silk, while she wound it; but she had her lessons to learn for to-morrow, so she took out her books, opened them before her, and looked out of the window. So matters went on, all the afternoon and evening, until they ended in a serious quarrel between Bertha and Ellinor, on account of Bertha's having taken possession of the chair while she was out of the room, which quarrel displeased her aunt so much, that she gave both the little girls some work, and made them sit quiet for the rest of the evening.

Ellinor having thus had an opportunity for reflection, felt both ashamed and sorry, and when bed-time came, she kissed her cousins with many tears, and mutual requests for forgiveness.

Ellinor was really sensible of her fault, and she prayed to God sincerely to pardon it, and to help her to keep his commandments better for the future. Her aunt's lessons had, by the blessing of God, sunk deep into her heart, and the little girl had learnt to love her

Saviour. She loved to hear the Bible read, she loved to hear about Jesus, and she longed to be, as she herself said, "one of his little lambs." She felt truly grieved that she had done that day what was so displeasing in his sight.

"Ellinor," said her aunt, as soon as they were alone in her own room, "I do not think you know how unkind you were to your cousins to-day."

Ellinor began again to cry, and she assured her aunt that she did.

"I do not think I can let you subscribe to the missionary box."

Ellinor looked as if she should like to ask her aunt, what her conduct at home had to do with subscribing to the missionary box. "Why do you wish to subscribe to the missionary box?" said her aunt, in answer to her look.

Why? is rather a puzzling question for a little girl. Ellinor thought a minute or two, and then she said, "that the heathen might leave off worshipping idols, and learn to love Christ."

"Is it only your own Ayah, whom you love, that you wish to be taught?"

"Oh, *all*," said Ellinor, "I wish them *all* to be taught."

"We ought to wish it, certainly," said her aunt; "first, for the glory of our blessed Redeemer, whose kingdom shall spread over all the earth; and because it is his commandment that the gospel should be preached in

every nation: but it is written in the Bible, that he who loveth God must love his brother also, 1 John iv. 21; we ought, therefore, to wish it also, for the sake of the poor, ignorant, and unhappy worshippers of false gods; we ought to wish it, pray for it, help towards it, out of kindness to them."

"So I do wish to be kind to them," said Ellinor.

"Nay, but my child," said her aunt, "how can that be, when you are not kind to your own cousins?"

"Ah! but aunt, I was very angry."

"It is a very easy thing, Ellinor, to be kind when we are pleased; but it is our duty to be kind to others at all times, and to do every thing we can to make them comfortable and happy. Besides, you say, you really wish the heathen to learn to love Christ, do you not equally wish that people in your own country, in your own home, should do the same?"

"O yes."

"And how does our Saviour say you are to try and teach them?"

Ellinor could not answer this question, so her aunt told her to look in Matt. v., and see if she could find the answer, but she could not; so her aunt told her it was verse 16, and asked her the meaning of it. Ellinor said it meant that we should teach others by showing our love to Christ in our outward conduct. "I am speaking to you now," said her aunt, "as a child who desires to be

one of Christ's lambs, and I am speaking of your conduct, not with respect to the sin you committed towards God, but that which you were guilty of towards your fellow-creatures, and which you see was very great. God looks upon the heart, and you know that to-day you have indulged your angry temper secretly without any restraint, and openly so far as you could without drawing down punishment upon yourself, and even some slight degree further, and yet you think that your conduct at home has nothing at all to do with your wishes for the conversion of the heathen; or rather, I am afraid, that you never considered when you offered your penny a week, either *what* you wished, or *why* you wished it. Now my little darling, listen to me, whenever you subscribe to a missionary society, ask yourself *why* you do so; and if your heart can answer, it is from love to Christ, and love to my fellow-creatures: then ask yourself again, does my conduct at home prove that these are my true motives? For be sure that you can love but little, and care but little for the distant heathen, while you do not love and care for those people whom you see every day, and those who live in the same house, and belong to the same family as yourself.

RAROTONGA.

IN the great Pacific ocean, there are a number of very beautiful islands, which were discovered by Captain Cook. The inhabitants were heathen; some sacrificed human victims to their idols, some eat human flesh, others were less cruel and barbarous, but all were heathen, and addicted to most of the foolish, vain, and wicked practices, which distinguish the worshippers of the false gods.

About forty years ago, missionaries were sent to these islands; year after year however, their labour seemed in vain; until, after a length of time spent in patient, though unsuccessful endeavours, it pleased God to reward their toil, making them the instruments of converting numbers of these barbarous people to Christianity.

Among the number of missionaries whose labours were thus blest, was one of the name of Williams. But the missionaries were few, and the islands were counted by hundreds, and the natives by thousands and thousands. Mr. Williams therefore explain-

ed to his people, that it was their duty, having heard the word of God themselves, to assist in instructing their ignorant countrymen, in the neighbouring islands. They gladly acceded, and one named Papeiha, offered to set out. Mr. Williams had heard there was, not far from there, an island, called Rarotonga. No one seemed to know where to find it, and all endeavoured to persuade him, not to think of going *there*, for said they, "they are a most ferocious people, horrid cannibals, and exceedingly treacherous, and if you go, you will lose your life." This information, however, far from deterring Mr. Williams, only made him more anxious to find the island; for he felt, that the more wicked the people were, the more they needed instruction; so he set out on his voyage; but day after day, he traversed the ocean in vain, no Rarotonga could be found, and he was obliged to return. After a little while, however, he set out again on the same voyage, and for a long time, he sailed about without meeting with any better success: his provisions were nearly all exhausted, and fearing that himself, and the crew would soon suffer for want of food, he resolved that should eight o'clock that morning come without their having been successful, they would once more return home. Many times during those few hours did he send a native to the top of the mast, to see if he could discover land, but in vain, until within half an hour of the time fixed for their returning home,

the rising sun dispelled the mists which enveloped its towering hills, and the lovely island presented itself to their view. There was a general smile of congratulation on board the little vessel, as she dropped her anchor near the shore. A canoe, containing Papeiha and some other natives, was sent on shore; they held a consultation with the inhabitants of the island, under the shade of immense trees, called Temanu trees, told them for what purpose they were come, and inquired if they were willing to receive them? They said they were, and the king Makea, accompanying them to the vessel, told Mr. Williams he was willing they should remain. So they went back to the island. The vessel remained until next morning, as I suppose, Mr. Williams wanted to see how his friends were treated. Next morning they came off to the vessel and gave a dreadful account of the manner, in which they had been used, so that Mr. Williams was afraid to leave them: Papeiha, however, insisted upon remaining; he remembered when he was himself one of the heathen, and he pitied his blind and foolish countrymen; taking nothing with him, for fear of being robbed, except his Bible and a few books, he jumped into the canoe, accompanied by a few other Christian natives, and returned to the island: the missionary set sail, and departed.

Rarotonga is a beautiful place; its hills and valleys are rich in the fruits of the earth:

mighty trees overshadow the land, and grow down to the very borders of the sea; not in a dense unwholesome forest, shutting out the light of the sun; but scattered here and there among the green hills, and affording a delicious shade; some are covered with beautiful flowers, some with light foliage, waving like plumes in the wind, and many supply the natives with food, such as the cocoa, and the bread-fruit-tree. Nor was the island uncultivated; a good road run all round it, on each side of which grew the banana, the mountain plantain, and gigantic chestnuts. On each side of this road a little distance from it, stood the pretty houses of the inhabitants; leading to each was a path, strewn with black and white pebbles, and bordered on either side by the Ti tree, with its tufted top and delicate blossoms, and the gigantic Taro. Six or eight stone seats were placed near the path in front of each house, and here, in the cool of the evening, after the labours of the day, crowned with flowers, and wearing a shining pakaku,* sat the inmates of the house, ready to enter into conversation with all the passers-by.

The natives were very fond of these seats, and used to point to them and say, "It was here my father and my grand-father sat!"

But notwithstanding the Rarotongans lived in such a lovely place, and were surrounded by the gifts of a kind and merciful God, they were, in many respects, fierce and cruel

* An article made of native cloth.

savages. They offered human victims to their idols, whom they killed in a barbarous manner : when one member of a family had been offered, all the rest were sure to be seized upon in their turn ; wherever they fled to they were taken when their turn came. Even if they escaped to the mountains, they were hunted there with dogs as soon as they were wanted for this horrid purpose.

Such were the people amongst whom Papeiha, accompanied by a few others, now ventured himself. On reaching the shore he was conducted to the house of Makea, the chief, or king. He was followed by a crowd of natives ; one shouted, " I'll have his hat ;" another, " I'll have his jacket ;" and another, " I'll have his shirt !" As soon as he came into the king's presence, Makea said to him, " Speak to us, O man, that we may know the business about which you are come." Papeiha replied, that he had come to instruct them in the worship of the true God, and in the way of salvation, through Christ, that they might burn the idols of wood, of cloth, and of birds' feathers, which they had made and called gods : immediately there burst forth a tremendous shout of, " Burn the gods ! what shall we do without the gods !" The chief, however, let Papeiha go without doing him any harm ; he established himself on the island, and morning and evening, on a stone, shadowed by a grove of banana trees, he addressed the Rarotongans. By degrees they began to listen.

There was in the island of Rarotonga, a place called Arorangi, of which a person named Tinomana, was chief; as the people of Arorangi were not so strong as Makea and his people, they were much oppressed by them. They stole their food and property, and whenever a human sacrifice was required, they seized upon one of them: so great was their danger, that when they wanted fish for food, they were obliged to steal down to the sea in the depth of the night for it, and return before it was light. Tinomana, the chief of this unhappy people, having heard of Papeiha, sent for him and told him he wanted to hear something about Christ. Papeiha went: he instructed him in some things relating to the worship of God, and exhorted him to burn his idols. The chief meditated for some hours upon this, and at length he came again to Papeiha, and told him that he had a great mind to burn his gods, but he was afraid they might be enraged and strangle him in the night. Papeiha assured him there was no fear, as they possessed no real power; the chief, however, could not be convinced. In the evening they went to prayer, and many of the natives joined them.

The natives of that warm climate do not sleep on beds, but on mats spread on the floor; after he had prayed, Papeiha spread out his mat and laid himself down to sleep: Tinomana, full of affection for his new friend, brought his mat, and placing it at his side,

told him he came to be taught how to pray. Papeiha, happy to be so employed, repeated a short prayer, which the chief said after him; he then dropped off to sleep, but was soon aroused by the chief, who said to him, "I've forgotten it; go over it again." This Papeiha did, but Tinomana anxious to be taught to pray, awoke him again several times during the night, to ask the same thing. In the morning, Papeiha returned home, and Tinomana accompanied him part of the way, still endeavouring to learn the prayer, and assuring him when they parted, that he would think much of what he had heard.

A little while after Papeiha had returned to the place where he lived, there was a heathen feast, and a large number of the people assembled to offer food to their gods; the worshippers presented a strange and hideous appearance. Some had one side blackened with charcoal, another was painted all over with differently coloured stripes; others again were dressed up in shells and birds' feathers. Papeiha walked boldly into the midst of the assembly, and remonstrated with them on their folly and wickedness. The scene of uproar and frenzy was stilled, and they listened quietly to him. When he had done speaking, the people began to ask him questions:—"Where is your God?" said they, "we do not see him!" "He fills heaven and earth with his presence," answered Papeiha. "How is it then, we do not run against him?" asked the ignorant savage.

"The earth," answered Papeiha, "is full of air, and full of light, but we do not run against either of them:" the meeting, however, broke up without further results.

Alone on this barbarous island, far from his country and his friends, Papeiha found all his consolation in his Bible and prayer; away from his kind teachers, the missionaries, he had none whose counsel he could ask, except that of his Bible, or I should rather say, Testament, which was the only part of the Bible then translated into his native language. When he walked out he carried it with him; when he sat in his house he read it, until the people remarking his strong attachment to it, exclaimed at last to each other, "It is his God!" and when they saw him reading it, they said, "that he and his God were talking together." My dear little reader, this you know was the silly mistake of ignorant people, but does not God, indeed, talk to us, when we read the Bible? and should we not listen with the deepest reverence as if to his voice? When we hear, or read his word in an idle, careless manner, we are like those Jews who came to hear the instructions of the prophet Ezekiel, and of whom the Lord said, that they heard his words and did not do them, listening to them as if they were only "a lovely song."

For many months Papeiha continued to labour among these people, but with very little success: yet he was not discouraged;

he loved Christ, and was happy in serving him; the result he left to his will; and it did please the Lord to grant him finally great success, which commenced in the following way. The Rarotongans were under an apprehension that if they destroyed their idols, they would come in the night and strangle them. Fully impressed with this dreadful idea, even when they were convinced of the folly of worshipping idols, they were afraid to burn them. Now there was in the island, a man, who after long reflection, had come to the determination of worshipping only the true God, yet he could not but think his life was exposed to much danger in consequence. However willing he might be to meet the danger himself, he had a little son, whom no doubt he loved very much, and he could not endure the thought of his being strangled in the night, so he brought him to Papeiha's house, and having placed him where he thought he was out of the power of the idol, he brought the latter also to Papeiha to be burnt. This proceeding drew a number of people round him, who showed the greatest concern and alarm; the man, however, was not to be moved by their entreaties, and he laid his idol at the feet of the Christians. Papeiha took a saw, and began to saw it in pieces; the moment the terrified people perceived the saw applied to the head of the idol, they fled from the spot, and even the new convert plunged for concealment among the bushes. After a little while,

however, they returned, and in the presence of the whole crowd, the pieces of the idol were set on fire and burnt to ashes. When this was done, Papeiha roasted some bananas among the ashes, and he and the other Christians eat them, in order to prove to the people, that the idol had no power to hurt them. Day after day passed away, and as neither Papeiha nor his friends were strangled, the Rarotongans became convinced of what he had told them, that the idols had indeed, no power: great numbers followed the example thus set them, and within ten days, fourteen idols were destroyed. Among the rest, Tinomana, the chief, who was so anxious to learn how to pray, set fire to his idols, their altars, and temples, and entreated Papeiha henceforth to instruct him in the knowledge of the truth.

From this time, the Lord blessed the instructions of Papeiha, and the light of the gospel spread rapidly amongst the Rarotongans. A vessel that touched at the island brought the missionary Mr. Williams, intelligence of their increase in piety, knowledge, and devotedness to God; and Papeiha also sent letters to Mr. Williams, begging him to come and pay them a visit.

Accordingly, Mr. Williams, accompanied by his wife and some English friends, who intended to remain as missionaries there, set sail for Rarotonga, where he was received with great joy by the inhabitants, their king Makea, and their teacher Papeiha.

A few days after their arrival, a procession of the people came to them bearing a number of idols, which they cast at the missionary's feet to be destroyed: some of them were adorned with strings of pearl shells, which they called the soul of the idol, some with red feathers or cloth, and all were of a very large size.

On the following Sunday, nearly four thousand people assembled to hear the missionaries preach, and as a very few of that number could get into the house, one of the first things the missionary thought of was to build them a place of worship, which was commenced the following week. The people were all delighted to help, and to watch the skill the English showed, which appeared to them most wonderful. One day, Mr. Williams, having forgotten one of his tools, wrote a line to Mrs. Williams, on a chip of wood, asking her to send it to him. The chief who carried it to Mrs. Williams, finding that it made known what Mr. Williams wanted, never having seen writing before, was in a state of ecstasy of surprise and delight; he leaped out of the house, and ran among the people, to display the wonderful "chip that could talk," and for many days he wore it suspended round his neck.

During the whole of this time the missionaries were also engaged in instructing the people; in translating parts of the gospel into their language, and teaching them to read. Many a pleasant Sabbath, too, did the Chris-

tians pass in prayer and praise; many a Sabbath sun, as it slowly set over their beautiful island, beheld them sitting under the banana and plantain trees, which encircled the dwelling of their beloved missionary, and listening to his instructions from the word of God.

Things went on for a long time in this pleasant manner, until the missionary, who had only intended to stay at Rarotonga for a few months, began to wish to return to his own settlement. Month after month went by, and no vessel approached that remote island, nor had he any means of leaving it: so, at last, he set to work, with the assistance of the natives, to build a ship for himself, in which he also intended to visit more remote islands, which had never heard the gospel. There is a very amusing account of how Mr. Williams built his ship, and how the natives helped him; how the rats eat the bellows in the night, all but the bare boards; and how King Makea was so delighted at the sight of the pump, that he had his favourite stool carried on board, and amused himself for hours in pumping. At last the vessel was finished, launched, and called the "Messenger of Peace." Mr. Williams, before trusting his little ship on a long voyage, sailed to a neighbouring island to try it, and King Makea went with him. They reached the island in safety, and remained there a few days. They collected for their return a cargo of pigs, cocoa nuts, and cats, of which last Makea obtained a good many, for, as I have told.

you, the rats were very troublesome in Rarotonga. They were always running about all day, as well as all night, and were so very audacious, that when the missionaries were having their meals, they were obliged to employ two or three persons to keep them away. Once before, a cat was taken to Rarotonga, but frightened at the sight of so many strange-looking people, poor puss escaped from her mistress, and took refuge in an idol's temple. Now the Rarotongans had never seen a cat, so when one of the natives entered the temple, and puss greeted him with a loud mew, he fled back in terror, shouting that there was in the temple, a "monster from the deep." Upon this, a party of some hundreds assembled, who put on their war caps, and daubed themselves with charcoal, and brought their spears, clubs, and slings, to make battle with puss. Puss, by her agility, escaped that time; but it was not long before being again found, she fell a victim to their terror, and was beaten to death. The Rarotongans, however, were grown wiser since this, and Makea was delighted with his present of cats. On their voyage back to Rarotonga, the wind was unfavourable, and Makea was seized with an alarm, that they would never be able to find the island again. When the storm howled, and the waves struck against the ship, the chief came in terror to the missionary, to know whether it would be broke to pieces. Being assured there was no danger, he was pacified; but not sufficiently to

suffer the missionary to be out of his sight for one moment. Every time during the night that he went on deck, he was followed by the anxious chief. As day after day passed without their reaching his beloved isle, he expressed again his fears that they had lost it, and were sailing into the "wide gaping space." At last, on the third evening, the missionary begged him to go to sleep, till the moon rose, when Rarotonga would be in sight. "Can I sleep, friend?" said the melancholy chief; so he remained on deck until the moon rose, when, to his surprise and joy, his beautiful island appeared to his eyes.

Soon after Mr. Williams' arrival, he received letters from the natives at his own settlement, begging him to return. "Your premises," said they, "are overgrown with weeds; your large boat is being eaten by the worms, and your cattle are running wild, for the people you left in charge of them are neglectful." The Rarotongans were very sorry to part with Mr. Williams and his family. Not only had they dwelt among them as the people of God, instructing and comforting them in the truths of the gospel, and the knowledge of Christ, but they had also attended to their bodily wants, and strove to render them in every respect better, wiser, and happier. In return, the Rarotongans loved them with grateful affection. For more than a month previous to their departure, groups would assemble in the cool of the evening, and sitting under the shade of

their golden bananas, would sing, in a soft voice, verses expressive of their sorrow in losing their friends. On the evening of their departure, thousands assembled on the beach, and, as the "Messenger of Peace" unfurled her sails, and slowly receded from the shore, they sang, with one voice, one of their own sweet songs,

Ria ora e Tama ma
I te aerenga i te moana e ;

which means, in English, "Blessing on you, beloved friends, blessing on you in journeying on the deep!" The sounds became fainter and fainter, till they were lost in the distance, and the beautiful Rarotonga once more disappeared from their eyes.

"Go and do thou likewise," little child! "What!" say you, "can I find out a heathenish land, and send people to teach them the gospel? can I show the savages how to build houses and ships, and to make furniture, to work at the forge and the sugar-mill, or the women to sew, make bonnets, cut out clothes, and dress like civilized people?" No, you can do none of these things, it is true, but if you are a child of God, you can watch your opportunity of doing many little kind offices to others. It is not in great services that the spirit of Christianity consists; happy is the missionary, who, among the distant heathen, can prove his love to Christ, by the benefits, temporal as well as spiritual, which he labours to be the instrument of conferring on his fel-

low creatures; and happy is the little child who in her own quiet and comfortable home, endeavours to show her love to her Saviour, by loving, and helping, and caring for every one, according to his most blessed commandment.

THE JEWS AT SHIRAZ.

THE prophetic words of Moses to the people of Israel, when he was about to part from them, on the borders of the promised land, contain an outline of their history to the present day. He told them of those troubles which they would have to endure if they disobeyed, and which they are enduring, even to the present time. Amongst other things, he told them that they should be driven away from the beautiful land of which they were just going to take possession, and be scattered among all the nations of the earth. "Thou shalt be removed into all the kingdoms of the earth;" again, "the Lord shall bring thee and thy king which thou shalt set over thee, unto a nation which neither thou nor thy fathers have known." Not only so, but, in addition to this, their prophet further tells them, that even then they shall have no peace. "Among these nations shalt thou find no ease, neither shall the sole of thy foot have rest; but the Lord shall give thee here a trembling heart and failing of

eyes, and sorrow of mind. And thy life shall hang in doubt before thee, and thou shalt fear day and night, and shalt have none assurance of thy life. In the morning, thou shalt say, "Would God it were even, and at even thou shalt say, Would God it were morning!" These words were spoken to the Jews, at the time they were just going to enter the promised land. How long they lived there, and continued to disobey God and rebel against Him, the Bible tells us. It is now nearly eighteen hundred years since they left their own country, and they are still scattered among other nations, despised and persecuted.

But you must not think that, because they are suffering the punishment of their sins, God is less displeased with those who are cruel towards them. Our Saviour says, "it must needs be that offences come: but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh!" There was a nation—the Edomites—whose country was next to that of the Jews; and when God was angry with the Jews, and cause armies to come against them and carry them away captives, this cruel people rejoiced in their destruction, and assisted in it, but this drew down upon them the displeasure of God, who said to them, "Thou shouldest not have looked on the day of thy brother, in the day that he became a stranger; neither shouldest thou have rejoiced over the children of Judah, in the day of their destruction; neither shouldest thou have spoken proudly

in the day of distress As thou hast done, it shall be done unto thee; thy reward shall return upon thine own head." The words of the Lord have been fulfilled; that country is now desolate; and of their chief city,* then rich, beautiful and flourishing, only a few ruins now remain, and the desert around is so infested with dangerous and barbarous people, that even the wild Arabs can scarcely be induced, by any reward, to guide travellers to the spot, where they may behold the few yet mighty remains of its former grandeur, now the abode of snakes, owls, and the creatures of the wilderness. Thus, we see that cruelty to the Jews, is displeasing to God; nor only to the Jews; all sort of unkindness or want of sympathy towards others is displeasing to Him. It was one of the crimes of the Edomites—they stood "on the other side,"—that is, they did not help those that were in trouble. So, if you remember our Saviour's parable of the good Samaritan, the Priest and Levite did not do any *harm* to the wounded man, they only "passed by on the other side;" that is, they did not assist or take any notice of him. My little reader, do you never "pass by on the other side?" Yes; whenever you see a person in trouble, and do not endeavour to comfort and assist them. If you cannot help them, you can be sorry for them, and let them feel that you are so. Do you ask me how? have you

* Petra.

never seen a little sister crying, or an elder sister unhappy, whom your kindness and affection might comfort? Have you never seen your mamma sorrowful? And do you not know that your love and your sympathy, even if you are but a very little child, would be pleasing to her? And besides our own family, we should pity and feel for every human being who we know is unhappy; as it is said in the Bible, "weep with those who weep." If this is the case, how wicked must it be, for a child to be *glad* of any thing which displeases, or irritates another! Some children will laugh when others are vexed, and look pleased at that which made them so. Let such children remember the words which God spoke to the Edomites.

In former times, the Jews who lived in England, and the other countries of Europe, were tormented in various ways. If they had money, they did not dare let it be known, lest it should be violently taken away from them, and they, perhaps, killed for the sake of it. Their houses, if they were comfortable inside, were obliged, on the outside, to be made to look mean, poor, and dirty: even then the people would, sometimes, break open the door and burst in, plundering and destroying every thing. Once, when a contagious disorder, something like a plague, raged, the people took it into their heads that it was occasioned by the Jews having poisoned the water in the wells, and upon this false and wicked

accusation, great numbers were cruelly put to death.

They were driven about from one country to another, finding no where a home, and no where a rest. Though Europeans have become too humane to persecute them in that cruel manner now, yet, in the eastern countries, they are still treated with extreme barbarity, and are, of course, in consequence, poor, miserable, and dejected. A missionary, himself a Jew, but a Christian Jew, and a minister of Christ, has devoted his life to visiting his people scattered about in the different kingdoms of the earth, and endeavouring to instruct them in the gospel of Jesus, their own Messiah. This missionary is Mr. Wolff. He gives a sad account of the state to which he found the Jews in the east reduced, and mentions, among other places, their lamentable condition in the town of Shiraz, in Persia.

Before Mr. Wolff went to Shiraz himself, he made some inquiries concerning the Jews there. He was told—First, that every house at Shiraz, with a mean entrance, is a Jew's. Secondly—Every man with a dirty woollen turban is a Jew. Thirdly—Every coat much torn and mended about the back, is a Jew's. Fourthly—Every one picking up old broken glass, is a Jew. Fifthly—Every one searching for dirty robes, and asking for old shoes and sandals, is a Jew. Sixthly—That house into which no quadruped but a goat will en-

ter, is a Jew's. All these things describe, of course, their miserable and persecuted situation; for their misery was occasioned by the persecutions they endured. This account did not deter Mr. Wolff from going to Shiraz, to visit them. When he arrived, he inquired for the street in which they lived; for in many cities the Jews are not permitted to reside where they please, but are obliged to confine themselves to one particular part of the town, where they are sometimes locked up at night. Mr. Wolff, on entering the place, found that the tale of their misery had not been exaggerated. Old men and women were sitting on the ground, stretching out their hands, and crying, with a melancholy voice, "Only one pool!" (which means penny.) "Only one pool! I am a poor Israale! I am a poor Israale!" Mr. Wolff gave them some money, and one of the Jews said to him, "We have heard that you are a son of Israel, and have brought us the gospel in Hebrew—give us the gospel!"

He entered the houses of his poor brethren, and was shocked at the misery which every where presented itself. They were all of dwarfish stature, and pale and yellow in countenance, the effects of dirt and starvation—They are, indeed, poor, poor Israel; their only song is now, "Only one pool! only one pool! I am a poor, poor Israale!" The poor starving mother, with her starving

baby in her arms, cries, "Only one pool! I am a poor Israale!"

And are these the people who were once the favoured of the Lord? whose city was the glory of the whole earth—whose land abounded with the precious fruits brought forth by the sun—whose temple was built of cedar and gold—whose streets were filled with the multitude of them that kept holy-day? It is, indeed! and how is it they are so changed? Because they disobeyed God, and rejected the Lord Jesus Christ. My little reader, you and I have lost a better inheritance—a more glorious land than that which was possessed by the children of Israel. It was paradise, the Garden of Eden! that lovely place where there was every thing which was pleasant and beautiful, and which Adam lost, both for himself and us, because he disobeyed God. Jesus once stood in the temple at Jerusalem: it had not now its golden doors; its partitions of chains of gold: its walls adorned with palm-trees and open flowers, all glittering with gold, as in the days of King Solomon, but still it was a rich and splendid edifice. The Lord knew that the hour was coming, when not one stone would be left standing upon another, and the Jews would be scattered abroad in poverty and destitution, such as I have described to you, and He pitied their future sufferings, and said, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy

children together, even as a hen gathers her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" No, they would not! they rejected the Lord. The same tender and compassionate voice is now calling to us. Paradise we have lost, but Christ has promised to those who are willing to become his disciples, to save them from the destruction which hangs over us all, a destruction as certain, and far more dreadful than that which threatened the city of the Jews; and to give them a mansion, better than paradise itself, in the house of his Father. "See that ye refuse not him that speaketh."

The Jews at Shiraz had heard of Mr. Wolff, and of his intention of visiting them; when therefore the principal people amongst them were informed that he was arrived, they assembled together in the house of one of their rabbies. Their high-priest was just dead. There had been a dreadful earthquake at Shiraz. An earthquake is a terrible scene. Thousands of persons are sometimes crushed to death in the ruins of their dwellings, and some are swallowed up in the heavings of the ground. But even when that terror is past, the distress of those who survive is generally very great; their habitations are thrown down, their property is destroyed, and they are driven out to wander in the fields, often without shelter and without food. The poor Jews who dwelt at Shiraz, were very miserable before this misfor-

tune happened to them, but it greatly increased their wretchedness. Their high-priest, who loved his people, grieved for them so much that he died. His death was much lamented and deplored by them. At the time of Mr. Wolff's arrival, his son was high-priest; and he, with fifteen other Jews, assembled to receive him.

They sat down on the ground in a circle, to listen to what he had to say to them; and he sat with them, and thus addressed them:—"On account of the abundance of our sins—on account of the abundance of our sins, in what a miserable state do I find you here—and after what an awful time! So poor, dejected, and wretched a people, as I have not seen, my brethren, all the days of my life. Many of our brethren at Shiraz, have apostatized from the faith, and have forgotten Moses and the prophets altogether, and turned to the Gojim, the Mahommedans, who have been your enemies of old. You are here indeed a *poor*, poor Israale!"

Then the high-priest, who, on account of sickness, could scarcely breathe, said: "Tell us the reason of our misery." And another of the Jews said, with tears in his eyes, "Tell us the reason of our affliction." Then Mr. Wolff preached to them Jesus. Do you think they received the good news of pardon joyfully? No—they listened to the missionary whilst he spoke that time, but the Rabbies refused to let the people meet him again.

They were unwilling to become Christians, and rejected the instruction which was offered them.

Mr. Wolff deplored the fate of his poor brethren at Shiraz; but, since they would not listen to the gospel, he was obliged to leave them to their wretchedness. He felt much for them, for he was himself a Jew, and God having blest him, by bringing him to the knowledge of Christ, he earnestly desired to make known the good news of salvation to his unhappy countrymen. For this purpose, he sought them out in remote and dangerous places—particularly in the east, where the Jews are very much oppressed, and treated with great cruelty. Mr. Wolff himself, often met with persecution, and even with ill-treatment. Once he was seized, and severely bastinadoed, and then carried away on a mule. In consequence of this usage, he was very ill, for some weeks. As soon as he was sufficiently recovered, they brought him before the divan, and he was asked, "Who are you?" he replied, "I am Joseph Wolff, a Jew, who believes in Jesus, and I go about to teach this book (the Bible) I carry, and to preach his name." He was then asked, "Is that all you wish to do?" "That is all," was his reply. So they let him go, and when he was free, he distributed about forty Bibles, where one had never before been seen.

We look for the time to come, when all the Jews shall become Christians, and God

has promised, that when they will obey his voice, he will have compassion upon them, and gather them from all the countries whither they have been driven, and “re-joice over them for good, as he rejoiced over their fathers,” Deut. xxx. 9.

THE RECHABITES.

FEW children know how dearly they are beloved by their parents; but they may, generally speaking, be sure, that they are their fondest and kindest friends, and should not only be sincerely loved, but affectionately treated. "But if they are loved, they will be affectionately treated," perhaps you say. I think so myself, but I have known many children who would be shocked, if they were told they did not love their parents, and who yet make them very unhappy, by their disobedient and ungrateful conduct. "Ah, but mamma is often very cross," whispers to herself, the child whose heart accuses her of having often behaved ill to her mother. Suppose she were cross, nay, more, *unjustly cross*, that is never any excuse for your failing in your duty towards her: the child who speaks a disrespectful word, either to its father or its mother, commits a sin in the sight of God which *nothing* can excuse: it is written, "the eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall

pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." Disobedience to parents, is reckoned, in the New Testament, among the number of dreadful sins practised by the wicked, who are under the wrath of God. If the threatenings of the displeasure of God, lie so heavily against those who are disobedient children, the promises of His mercy are given to those who keep His commandment, "to honour their father and their mother." We are told to do it, "that it may go well with us," and if we obey, *it shall go well with us*, for the promises of God shall not fail. "Heaven and earth shall pass away," says our Saviour, "but my words shall not pass away." There is a history in the Bible, so much to this purpose, that I think I must relate it to you, although it has nothing to do with our present subject. There was a family among the Jews, called Rechabites. Jonadab, one of them, had commanded his children, that they should neither drink wine, build houses, nor plant fields, but dwell in tents. This injunction was repeated from one to the other, and all the children obeyed, in their turn, the direction of their father. Their obedience pleased the Lord. In the days of the prophet Jeremiah, God commanded him to call the family of the Rechabites together, and take them into one of the chambers of the temple, and offer them wine. Jeremiah did as God commanded him. He invited the Rechabites, took them into a chamber of the temple, and setting

the cups of wine before them, begged them to drink. But though the prophet requested them, they would not disobey the commandment of their father. They said, "we will drink no wine; for Jonadab, the son of Rechab our father, commanded us, saying, "ye shall drink no wine, neither ye nor your sons for ever that ye may live many days in the land, where ye be strangers." The last part of the verse alludes, probably, to the promise of God:—"Honour thy father and mother, that thy days may be long in the land." It was but a small thing of itself, their not drinking the wine; but it was their obedience to their father, which was pleasing in the sight of God, and he desired Jeremiah to give them the following promise: "Thus, saith the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel; because ye have obeyed the commandment of Jonadab your father, and kept all his precepts, and done according to all that he hath commanded you: therefore, thus saith the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel; Jonadab, the son of Rechab, shall not want a man to stand before me for ever." Such was the promise of God. Two thousand years and more have elapsed, since that time, for you know it was long before our Saviour came upon earth. Jerusalem has been razed to its foundation—not one stone is left to stand upon another—the Jews are scattered among all the nations of the world, and for nearly eighteen hundred years, their country has been in the possession

of strangers; yet the descendants of Rechab are still found dwelling in their native land. They were seen there by a traveller,* who visited those remote places, about the year 1540; and this account of them was confirmed, of very late years, by the missionary, Mr. Wolff. If any little child shall learn to check one angry tone, or one impatient word addressed to a parent, I shall be glad that I have given you the history of the Rechabites, and you will find more concerning them in the Bible. But there is another still better and holier example set before you, even that of our blessed Saviour himself, for we are told, that he “was subject” unto his parents.

* Benjamin of Tudela.

SKENANDO,

THE WHITE MAN'S FRIEND.

MANY hundred years ago, some English people, who were persecuted in their own country, thought, that they should like to go and build themselves a village or town in America, where they might live in peace. Accordingly, they came, and though they suffered great hardships, of which numbers died, yet the remainder kept possession of their new colony, and prospered. Seeing this, more English people came out to them, and their numbers increased so rapidly, that they began to build other towns, and form other settlements. The Indians, at first, offered them no interruption; but when they saw them cutting down their forests, and clearing away their woods, and taking possession of such a quantity of land, they began to get frightened, and to think they intended to take away their country altogether. Now, the Indians said, that those woods were theirs, that their Father, the Great Spirit had given them to his "red children," meaning themselves, for their skin is red; and that the pale

faees, that is the English, should not live there. But this resolution was made too late, for the "pale faees" had got possession. The dwellings of the white people, were not all in one place, or the Indians could not have ventured to attaek them. They were seattered about. A few families, perhaps, would agree together, and travel hundreds of miles through the pathless forest, direeting their way, I suppose by the stars, as people do when they sail aecross the ocean: when they eame to a plaee they thought they should like, they stopped there, unpaeked the goods they had brought with them, and built themselves log houses, eutting down the trees all round, and leaving an open spaee, which they ealled a "elearing." Thus they were alone in the desert, surrounded on all sides by a black and gloomy forest, where lived their fieree enemies, who were watching for opportunities to destroy them. The Indians were extremely eunning and artful; they erept about unseen, and unknown, among the dark shades of the forest, and when the English people thought them many miles away, they were suddenly startled, perhaps in the middle of the night, by a terrific seream, called the war-whoop, which was the signal that the Indians were about to rush upon them. Then they poured by hundreds, into the elearing, burning down the houses, and murdering the people; the ehildren they sometimes earried away, and brought them up, to be heathen and savages

like themselves. There are many interesting stories told of those times, and of the patience and courage, with which the settlers preserved their little dwellings from the savages. There was once a man of the name of Dustan, who lived with a few other people in the wilderness; a large and populous town with streets, and roads, and fine houses, now stands in that place; but at the time, I am speaking of, it was a desolate spot where a few solitary families lived, surrounded by a gloomy forest. Dustan was absent from home at his usual occupations, when he heard the alarm given that the Indians had attacked the settlement. He immediately flew to his house which the Indians had not yet attacked; he had seven children, and not knowing in what other way to provide for their safety, he ordered them to run away in an opposite direction to that in which the Indians were approaching, and he himself ran to the room where his poor wife was ill in bed, but before she could get up, the Indians were upon them. Despairing of being able to save her, he next thought of his little children; he flew to the yard, mounted his horse, and rode off in the direction he had told them to take: he could not carry them all on his horse, so he determined he would take the one he loved best. When he came up with them, however, he could not decide which that one was, therefore he resolved to endeavour to save them all, or else to die with them. He made them run on as fast as

possible, and he rode behind them. They had not gone very far, when the Indians were heard yelling and shouting behind them, and when they came near enough they fired at them, but they were not hurt, for their father placed himself between them and the Indians, and when they fired, he turned round, and fired also. In this way, he and his little company retreated, till they reached a distant house, where they were once more lodged in safety.

The Indians were divided into tribes, and Skenando, whose history I am about to relate to you, was chief of a tribe, called the Oneidas, a proud and warlike race of men, to whom a large tract of the country belonged. Many years had now passed, and the English who had come to America, began to think that they ought to endeavour to instruct the heathen in the faith of Christ, and when missionaries were found who were willing to go and live amongst them, they were sent to the different tribes. Mr. Kirkland was the name of the one, who went to the Oneidas. I have no doubt that Skenando received him kindly, for the Indians are very polite to the strangers, whom they do not consider as their enemies. They address them by the terms of "Father," and "Brother," always listen very attentively to what they have to say, and reply with respect and propriety.

It pleased God to bless his instructions, and Skenando, at that time sachem of the

Oneidas became a Christian, and many others of his people. They endeavoured in turn to instruct their countrymen under Mr. Kirkland's direction, and they displayed a degree of sense and intelligence rarely found among savages: which you will see if you read the following address, made by a Christian Oneida to the rest. "What, my brethren," said he, "are the views which you form of the character of Jesus? You will answer, perhaps, he was very benevolent: that he proved this by the nature of the miracles he wrought, which were all kind in the extreme: he created bread to feed thousands—he raised to life the son of a poor woman who was a widow. Are these your only views of the Saviour? I tell you they are lame: when Christ came into the world, he threw his mantle around him, but the God was within." Skenando at this time was about fifty years old. When he became a Christian, he protected the English from the cruel attacks of his countrymen, so that he was known amongst them by the name of "the White Man's Friend." His care and watchfulness once preserved the inhabitants of a whole settlement from being murdered. He was warmly attached to Mr. Kirkland, and seems always to have looked upon him as the best of friends and benefactors. He lived sixty years after he became a Christian, and during the whole of that time, never returned to his former wicked practices. He lived to be a very aged man, one hundred and ten years

old: he said once to a friend who went to visit him, "I am an aged hemlock,* the winds of an hundred winters have whistled through my branches—I am dead at the top. The generation to which I belonged have run away and left me—why I live, the Great Good Spirit only knows. Pray to my Jesus that I may have patience to wait for my appointed time to die."

Mr. Kirkland died, and was buried at a place called Clinton, and Skenando had a great desire to be laid in the same grave with his beloved Christian teacher; and, for this purpose, during the last years of his life he came often to Clinton, to die, longing that his spirit might be with Christ, and his body in the grave. A person who visited him at the approach of death, found him calm and serene, listening to the prayers which were read at his bedside by his great grand-daughter. Thus he remained cheerful and resigned to the last, and died, after having proved by an altered life, during the length of sixty years, the sincerity of that conversion to the faith of Christ, with which God was pleased to bless, in his case, the labours of the missionary. He was a great warrior, the sachem of his tribe, and the place of his residence where he died, was called Oneida Castle. The "pale faces" now have got possession

* The hemlock is a sort of pine tree, which grows to a gigantic height in the American forests. Dr. Dwight says, a white pine has been found on the Connecticut river, two hundred and forty-seven feet long.

of the country of the Indians; those mighty woods which were their hunting grounds, and under whose shadow their wigwams stood, have been for the most part cut down and carried away by the whites; and the towns and villages of America occupy the place where they stood. The very ground is called by another name. The Indian name of a river or a stream, which still may be heard occasionally, is almost the only recollection left of them in many parts of the country which belonged to their fathers. Poor, miserable, and forlorn, they hide themselves in distant tracts of the country which was once their own.

And what can we do for them? Much—We can send them missionaries to teach them about Christ, and tell them the good news of salvation. If they receive it, it will be to them a more precious gift than their own country, even if we had the means of giving it back to them again. “Ah,” says my little reader, “but I could not give to all the missionary societies—that would be quite impossible, unless I were very rich.” The question is not whether you give to all the missionary societies, but whether you give all that you can; whether you remember that Christ has taught you to pray, that his kingdom may come, and ask in your prayers that the heathen may become Christians. That glorious day will come: blessed are they who shall see it! and blessed are they to whom God has given the power and the means to assist,

if ever so little, in that glorious work ! and to whom has he not given it ? Do you not remember the poor widow who threw in a small piece of money, less than a farthing, into the treasury ; and Christ saw the gift ; and said it was accepted ? And so he will accept now the smallest contribution that is made, out of love to him, and with a desire to keep his commandments ; and you know the last commandment which he gave to his disciples, was—“Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.”

A TRUE STORY OF A YOUNG JEW.

THERE was once a young Jew, in whom God raised up a spirit of inquiry, and a desire to find out the truth; and, in consequence, he determined upon reading the New Testament. Here he found so many of the prophecies of his own scripture fulfilled in Christ, that he anxiously desired to learn more. He occasionally attended church, and became more and more convinced of the truth of Christianity, and that Jesus was indeed the Messiah that should come into the world. His parents and friends took great alarm, and insisted upon his scrupulously fulfilling all Jewish rites, and forbade him to have any intercourse with Christians. Hoping to retain him among them, they persuaded him to marry a young Jewess, that, by her influence, his conversion to Christianity might be prevented. But, becoming more firmly rooted in the faith, he prayed earnestly that his wife might know and love the same Saviour as he did. God answered his prayer; she also read the New Testament with him, and sought with him the salvation of her soul.

God had now given them three children. They could not bear the thought of bringing them up in Jewish darkness, and yet feared openly to confess their faith. He loved his parents tenderly, and it grieved him much to distress them, beside bringing upon himself their contempt and hatred, and, what he knew would also follow, their bitter persecution. But he remembered what his Saviour had declared,—that those who loved father or mother more than him, were not worthy of him; and he resolved publicly to confess Christ and to be baptized.

Immediately afterwards, his sister came to see him, and when she found that he had indeed been baptized, she loaded him with reproaches and bitter taunts, and was so overcome by her feelings, that she was attacked with several severe fits. Another sister, whom he dearly loved, came the next day to try to win him back. She sat for hours weeping and entreating him to return; but he replied that, painful as it was to part with them, he must surrender them rather than reject Christ. He felt it then to be his duty to see his father, who bitterly reproached him, and told him that his conduct was heart-breaking. His aged mother wept, and implored him to get the high-priest to make an atonement for him, and impose such a penance as would wash away his sin and restore him to them. When they found he would not be persuaded, they drove him from the house, forbidding him ever to enter it again.

This was indeed a fiery trial of his faith. Soon after, his wife had a severe illness, and she longed for the kind care of his mother, which she had always received before her conversion to Christianity, and she wrote to her. The only reply was a note sealed with a black seal, to show that they were considered dead by the family, and must never expect to receive any thing from them. All his relations went through the Jewish rite of mourning for the dead. They shut themselves up for a week, sitting all day upon the ground, tearing their dress, and taking no other food than hard eggs and salt. But the poor sufferers trusted in God, who raised up many kind friends to assist them from time to time.

From various circumstances, they removed from place to place, and sometimes were obliged to sell their furniture to buy bread. One day in December, they placed their four children in a cart, for not one of them could walk from weakness. They wrapped them up in the few warm clothes they had, and walked behind them. When they reached their new lodging, the carman asked so much that not a penny was left for food or firing: in silent sorrow they unpacked their things and arranged their little room, still trusting in God. To their surprise, a loud knock was heard at the door; it was the carman, who returned with a loaf and a large piece of meat. The Jew urged him to take it back, saying, if he had not charged too much, all was right. "No," said the carman, "I cannot; I, too,

have children." It was God who overruled the heart of the carman, for they had not complained to him of want.

In January, the father tried to support them by going about with a basket and selling a few things. Sometimes he was successful, but often returned without having gained anything, and the labour of dragging about a heavy basket all day, was very trying to one who was so weak. Scanty meals, poor fires, and little clothing brought them all to a very distressed state.

On one bitterly cold morning, before he went out with his basket, he divided the only morsel of bread he had among his children, telling them to call on the Lord, and wait patiently till he sent them more. The whole day passed and nothing was sold; and, although he felt sinking with fatigue and hunger, the thought of his wife and famished children at home, without food or fire, doubled his sorrow. On his way home, passing a chapel, he went in, hoping to hear something that might revive him. What was his joy, when a friend, seeing his haggard looks, gave him two shillings! How small a sum may often relieve the deepest distress! How many waste much larger sums unthinking of the good they might accomplish! Upon his return home, he found all in darkness; he called, but no one answered; he rushed into the next room for a light, and found his wife lying insensible on the bed, quite pale, and the little ones asleep; he

hastily lighted a fire, and made some tea, imploring his heavenly Father to restore his wife. She gradually revived, but it was an hour before she had strength to ask how God had supplied their need. She told him that she had tried to amuse the children, till, hungry and benumbed with cold, she had put them to bed, covering them with all she could find; and that, feeling ill from anxiety, weakness, and hunger, she had thrown herself upon the bed, and had fallen into a state of insensibility. The next morning, their kind minister brought them money, which paid their rent, and purchased fuel and food. Another friend afterwards sent them a hamper of provisions and some money; but, in the bustle of unpacking, the little parcel of silver was mislaid, and they knew nothing about it. They had some debts to pay, which made them uneasy; and, sweeping their room the following Saturday, they found the little packet, which was just the amount they required. By these, and similar providences, their faith was confirmed, and their gratitude and love were increased.

Few are aware of the hardships to which a Jew is exposed upon becoming a Christian. He is rejected by all his old friends, cast out, and left to starve.

Dear children, pray for those Jews who are beginning to be persuaded that Jesus is their Saviour, and their Lord, that they may have courage to speak out, and suffer the loss of all things for his name's sake. And

always help them when you can. In helping them, you are helping Him, who will say, by and by, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."





MISSIONARY GIVING TRACTS.

GIRLS' SCHOOLS IN INDIA.

A MISSIONARY in India, on making his accustomed visit to one of the villages round his station, found a poor woman who was very ill, and in a shocking state. He sent her to his own home by one of the men of the village, requesting his wife to use some means for her recovery. She looked at the poor woman, who presented a sad spectacle of disease and filth, and thought to herself, "If there was not a soul in that body, I never could summon up courage, or self-denial enough, to attend upon such a miserable being." But she did attend upon her—and, beyond all expectation or hope, the woman became well. And she came with a smile, such as no one would have thought her poor senseless face could ever have worn, and made her salaam to the good missionary's wife, thanking her for what she had done for her.

"But, my good woman," said the missionary's wife, "suppose you had died during that illness, where would your soul have gone?"

“*My* soul, my mother,—what soul have I? I am only a woman.”

“Oh! but you have a soul,” said the other.

“No, my mother, no. *I am only a woman*,” was all she would reply.

Again she was assured that she had a soul, that would live for ever; and again, with a vacant laugh, she returned the same answer.

“But indeed you have a soul, and what do you *think* would have become of it?”

“What do I know?” said the poor ignorant creature. “*I am only a woman*. But if I have, I suppose when my body was burnt, and the ashes flew away, my spirit would fly away with them.”

“No,” said the missionary’s wife, “you will live for ever, either in joy or in misery. Would not you like to know more about your never-dying soul? Won’t you go and hear master, when he preaches under the tree in your village?”

The poor creature looked perfectly astonished, and exclaimed, “How can *I* go? *I am only a woman*.”

And this is the condition of women in India. Poor India! Think of the good which Christian women do! But Hindoo women can’t do any good. They are despised and trampled upon. They are nothing better than wretched slaves. A wife is not allowed to eat in her husband’s presence. If he were seen talking to her, it would be thought a disgrace. If any visitors call, she must not sit down with them; but, if she is seen at all, she

must stand up as a servant. Instead of the father and mother, and children, all sitting round the same table at meals, as they do in our happy country, the father is served first, then his sons, and the mother must not sit while they are eating, but stand at a distance, and look another way, taking care to listen, if they should want her to wait upon them; then, after they have finished, they tell her to take what they have left.

Don't think that it is grown up women only that are so badly treated. Little girls, when they are babies, are often left at night, in some lonely spot, to be carried off by tigers, or other beasts of prey. If they are not thus cast away, they are brought up like slaves, in their father's house, till they are ten or eleven years of age. Then they are married or betrothed, and taken to live in the house of their husband, where they are often very cruelly treated by their husbands' relations.

Oh! it makes my heart sad to think of the women of India—of the hardships they undergo, and the dark cloud of ignorance that rests upon their souls. What shall be done for them? We must have schools for Indian girls. We must take them while they are young, and teach them better. We must give them that knowledge that will change their course of life in this world, and will prepare them for life eternal. India will be happy then, when it is full of Christian women.

There are many girls' schools in India,

though not half enough. What I have been trying to do now, is to show you how much such schools are wanted. Dear little girls, do what you can for your little Indian sisters. Give all you can for the support of schools. Perhaps, some of you, when you grow up, will have an opportunity of going to India, to teach Hindoo girls. If so, bless God for so unspeakable an honour. Yes, I hope some of *you* will be missionaries. Christ wants labourers for his vineyard. The church wants help in its work abroad. The question is asked, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" I hope that, by and by, many of my little readers will be found among those who say, "Lord, here am I: send *me*."

THE END.





